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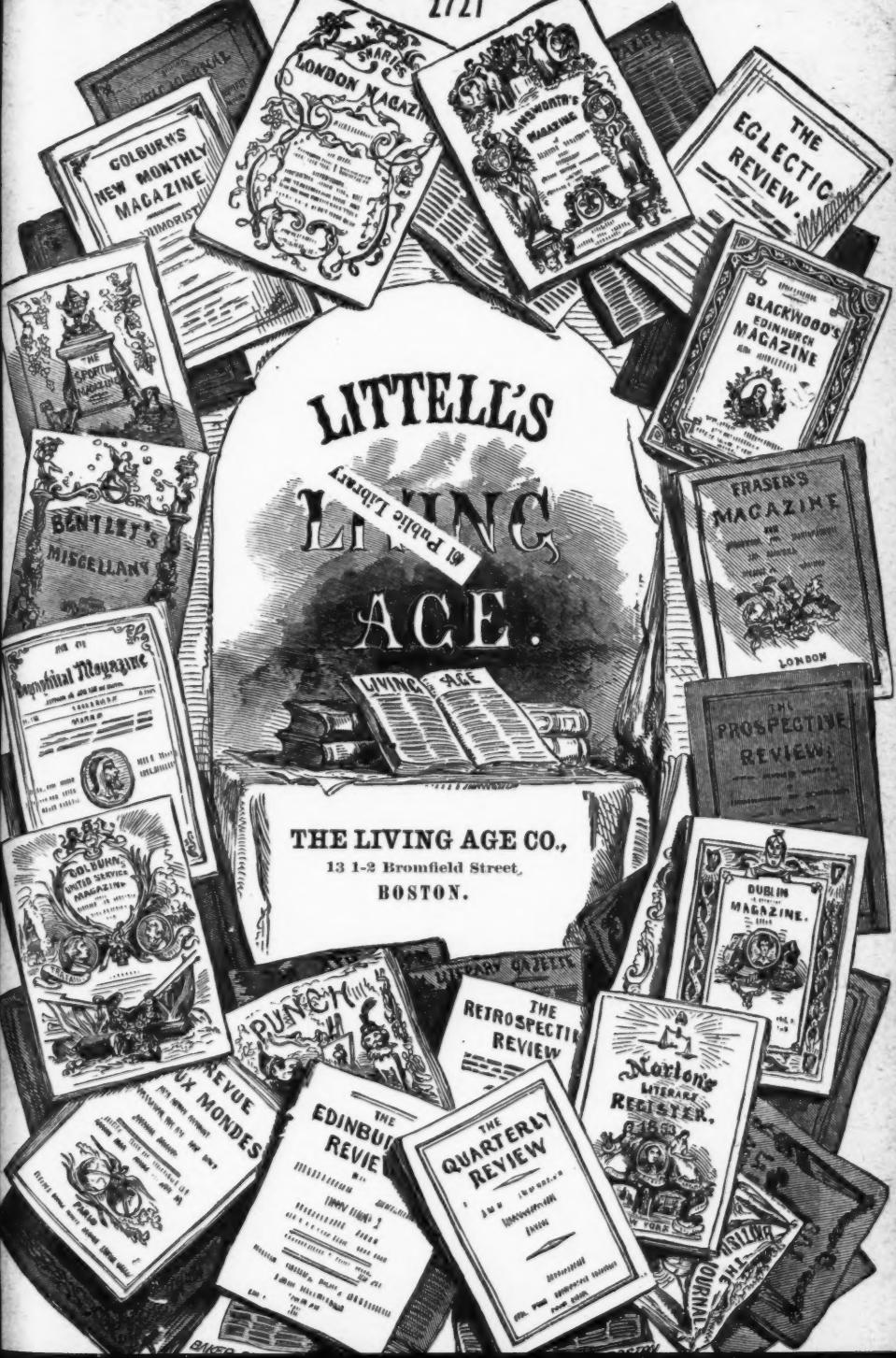
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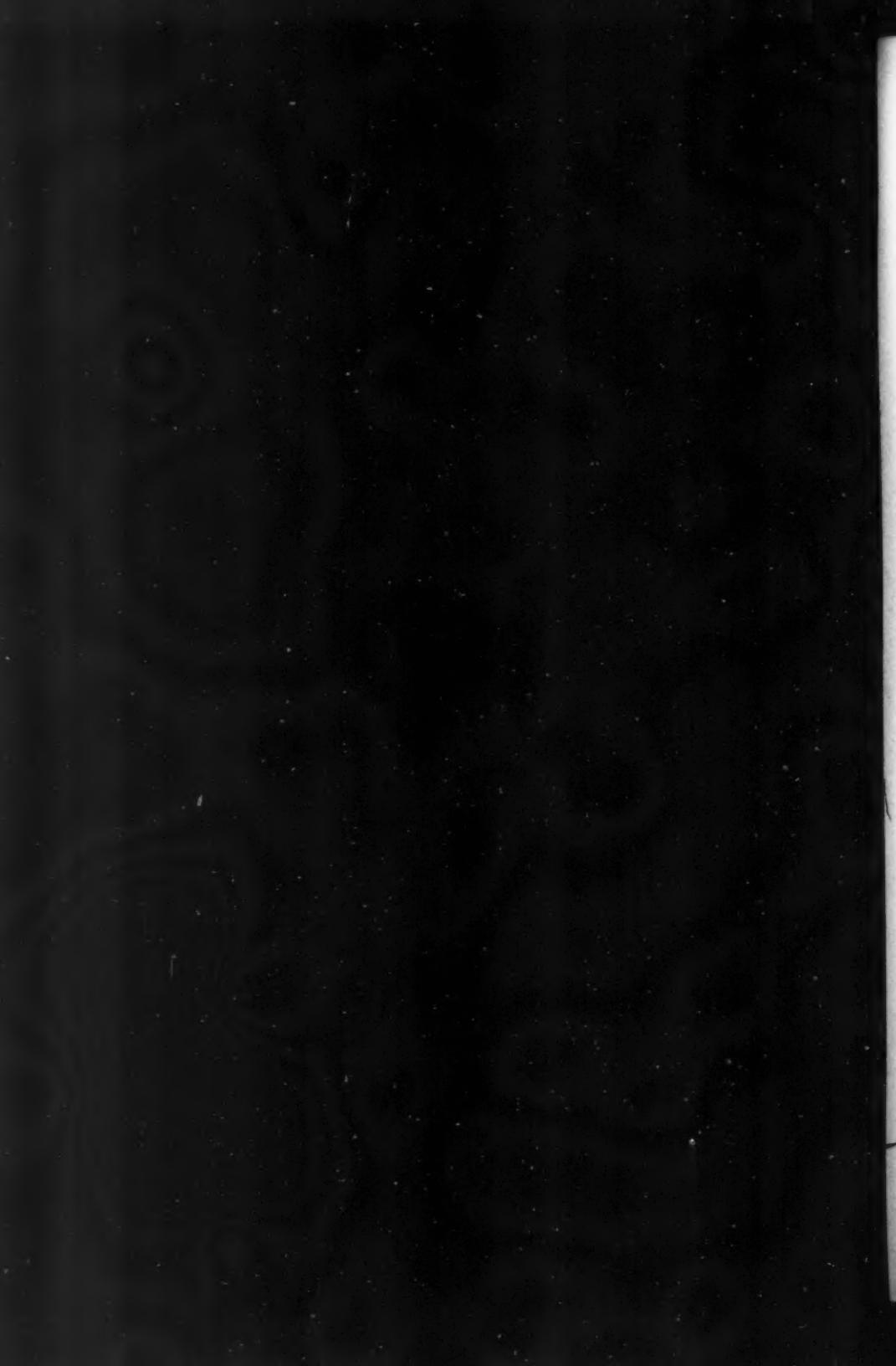
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Vol. CXXI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

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FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE SON.

1

O why is your hate of me so deep,
Father?
I grieve so that I may not sleep
For thinking how to turn your heart;
And up in cruel wonder start.

2

Although this body's strong to bear,
Father!
I droop and falter round your chair;
Stand like a woman at your knees
In deep anxiety to please.

3

Why is the look refused me quite,
Father!
That on my brother dwells like light?
At evening when the room is dim
Your shining eyes roam after him.

4

When I come near your lip is set,
Father!
With something you can ne'er forget.
What's vile in him, you think it strong;
What's good in me, you make it wrong.

5

O when my heart, the labor done,
Father!
Is homing toward the setting sun;
Out of the glory and the gold
I enter, and your face is cold.

6

When you were near to death, you said,
Father!
"See that he comes not near my bed!"
I stood on the dark stair alone,
And swayed about to hear you moan.

7

Will something ever 'tween us stand,
Father?
Too deep for me to understand?
Even in the womb you hated me,
When I was dumb and might not see.

8

When first I blinked at this great light,
Father!
Your hate of me was blinding bright;
And with the air I felt your scorn
When first I shivered to be born.

9

O since I can no way abate,
Father!
Your steady and enduring hate;
Then strike me dead! When you shall
see
My blood so bright, you'll pity me.
New Review. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

"THE PONY'S WELL."

(Lines addressed to a Fountain in gratitude)
My thanks, kind fountain, for the fresh'ning draught,
Wholesome and crystal-clear,
So oft by me, by my best-loved ones
quaaff'd,
Thro' many a changing year!

For never, tho' the Sun with fieriest sheen
Drank half the river dry,
Untimely sered the leaf, and scorch'd the green,
Didst thou thy gift deny.

And—as unfailing—so without excess
Dost thou thy bounty pour—
Yielding, regardless of the seasons' stress,
Still neither less nor more.

Thus as an infant, boldly, with stretch'd hand,
Thy runlet would I prove,
Incredulous, and slow to understand
That aught so quiet did move!

So, like some world-renouncing hermit old,
To alms and temperance vow'd,
Unchanging thou one equal course dost hold,

Nor base, nor over-proud.

Green slopes surround, and tangled bushes
gird,
Thy moss-grown chamber small;
Above, the tall trees in the winds are
stirr'd,
And God is over all.

Academy, GEORGE DOUGLAS.

IN THE HILLS.

His hoar breath stings with rime the skater's face.
Mirrored in jet, beneath his hissing feet,
The stars swarm past, and radiate, as they fleet,
The immemorial cold of cosmic space.
W. CANTON.

From The Fortnightly Review.

ITALY.

I.

THE MARQUIS DI RUDINI AND ITALIAN POLITICS.

The intrigues are many and various which surround the Marquis di Rudini, and which endeavor to make the man who ruled the tempest in March succumb to a storm in a saucer in midsummer. The whole entanglement of the recent crisis has been full of backstairs jobberies and of bedchamber plots. It is well known that Rudini has the aristocrat's impatience of ennui and of vexatious opposition, and that he will neither brook slights nor stoop to duplicity; and all these characteristics offer continual opportunities to his very unscrupulous enemies. It may safely be asserted that the country would be much better served if it were possible for him to rule alone. The Cabinet is but a source of weakness to his administration; and he is hampered by the exigencies of a court in fief to Germany and secretly favorable to the *guerrafondisti*. Parliamentary government has always this drawback, that a minister who, left to himself, would rule easily and well, is embarrassed by colleagues unequal to him and by the prejudices of the throne.

No sovereign nominally constitutional has ever interfered more continuously than the present king of Italy. In trifles and in great things this interference is perpetual. When General Pelloux answered Rudini's summons to come to Rome the other day, he was met at the station by a message from the king to go first to the Quirinal. In his maintenance of the Triple alliance the king is in dogged opposition to the whole tendencies of the country, as he is in his refusal to make peace with Menelik, a refusal which keeps nearly two thousand soldiers suffering in captivity and hunger. Peace might have been made

after Abu-Alagi, after Makalle, after Abou-Carima. One man alone has prevented it: Umberto. With a sovereign of this obstinacy it is extremely difficult for a minister of the loyalty of Rudini to take his own course; he is at every step hampered, harassed, clogged, forced to withdraw to-day what he said yesterday, and conscious that to-morrow there may lie before him the painful dilemma of offending his sovereign or failing his country. Umberto has unfortunately never been served by a statesman who made him understand that a constitutional king should have no wishes, no opinions, no actions of his own. Because his father in exceptional times used his individual influence unsparingly, he is unfortunately persuaded that to so use it at all times is a privilege of the throne.

But Victor Emmanuel galloping over the Lombard plains under a storm of bullets, shouting "Avanti ragazzi!" was in a very different position to demand obedience to that which is occupied by Umberto, sitting at a writing table in a room of the Quirinal, and with a stroke of his pen ordering battalions to go and die in Africa. It is through him that Ricotti's scheme of army reform has foundered; it is through him that the African budget is not to be reduced; it is through him that the leaden weight of the Triple alliance still drags on Italian national life; it is through him that the elections are not to take place; and it is through him, as I have said above, that six months have elapsed since the defeat of Abou-Carima without any peace being made which would restore such as still live of the Italian captives to their country; and the number of the survivors shrinks, alas! with every day, through typhoid, sunstroke, hunger, suicide. But for him Rudini would have made that peace and withdrawn from Massowah and Kassala, six months ago; and the prisoners would

have been by this in their homes. The interregnum which has followed on defeat has been, and is, neither peace nor war, and it is much to be feared that the king hopes, by the aid of England, to reopen hostilities in the autumn. There is little doubt that there is some secret pact between him and the emperor of Germany, from which Austria is excluded; and it may well be that German aid is promised in it to hold down the Italian populace should they rise during a second African campaign.

Those who most honor Rudini most desired that on his accession to power he should have been the minister of the nation, and not the minister of the palace.¹ But to become this he must have been in distinct and direct conflict with the throne. He must have brought in measures without any deference to the displeasure they caused in high places. He must have been ready for that revision of the constitution without which no good will ever be effected. Unhappily his views do not allow him to do this. He lets the old systems, the old tyrannies, the old formulae remain, because the monarch desires that they should do so. He thinks of the Quirinale instead of the country. He is afraid of the alliance of the Estrema Sinistra; he has served him loyally, but he dares not trust to it lest it should lead him into conflict with the king, as most certainly it would do.

The absurd press laws continue, out of date and intolerable though they are. The other day the *Corriere di Napoli*, a moderate and monarchical journal, was sequestered for criticising the king's action in politics, the copies being rudely snatched from the hands of readers in the street, in the galleries, in the hotels. The *Italia del Popolo* was sequestered recently for two perfectly legitimate

articles, one on the war-budget and the other on Visconti-Venosta, the only fault being that "he who is irresponsible and intangible" was in them criticised. It is clear that such press persecution as this is absolutely incompatible with liberty of the most elementary kind. Until it is placed out of the power of prefects and public prosecutors to annoy and injure the press thus, it is idle to say that the Italian government is other than a despotism. It is a cruel irony to talk of a free Italy when such despotism, modelled on the worst forms of Austrian and German tyrannies, is the daily rule of life. It is not necessary to say to any English reader that a press absolutely unshackled is the first condition of a liberal national life. Until this fact is recognized by the Italian government nothing can be done to liberate national life. It is worse than useless to multiply universities and professors, whilst any educated writer who speaks to the public as he conceives it his duty to speak, is hauled off to tribunal and prison in company with the swindler, the malefactor and the assassin. The press may be as corrupt as it chooses with impunity; it must not be outspoken. The unfortunate phrase of inciting to class hatred (*lotta della classe*) is unhappily often used by Rudini as it was used by Crispi, and is as elastic as it is indefinite. There is no expression of liberal opinion, no utterance of a decree for a healthier state of society which cannot be attacked under this clause, and under it condemned as an offence.

There is no genuine liberty in the country. Any public meeting can be prohibited at the caprice of a prefect, however harmless be its object.² Any public expressions of opinions can be treated as treason and dealt with as a crime. Any opposition to the police renders a citizen, however much he

¹ By an odd coincidence on the same day that I wrote this sentence Imbriani said the same thing, in somewhat ruder terms, in the Chambers.

² An innocent lecture on the Evolution of Property was thus prohibited the other day.

may be in the right, liable to immediate arrest. The other day, when the beloved and respected Barbato, who was one of the most conspicuous victims of Crispi, came to Rome, and a few of his admirers assembled to greet him, there was an array of armed force and a squealing of trumpets as though the whole of Rome were endangered by his presence. This petty despotism is most mischievous and irritating. It is Crispinism of the worst and silliest kind. When Rudinl came into office, his first act was to liberate de Felice and two other political prisoners, and it was natural to hope that this line of action would be continued by him, and the monstrous cruelties of the Domincilio Coatto be ended. But this hope has been disappointed; and there is probably no one more chagrined at this than Rudinl himself. For though of conservative creeds, he is a man of generous, humane, and liberal mind, and it is deeply to be regretted that what he considers loyalty restrains him from giving rein to his wider views. Unhappily the present *rumpasto* of his Cabinet has associated him with men of the Destra and bigoted reactionists; and from the Destra no good thing can ever come. Time alone can prove whether the resuscitation of Visconti-Venosta was a wise step; but the retention of Costa is much to be regretted, and the appointment of Prinetti is monstrous. The post of minister of public works is a most important one in an artistic sense, and to give it to a person of the training and temper of this Milanese tradesman, is an affront to the nation.

Nothing can be worse in every kind of way than the administration of public works in Italy; and as if one minister were not enough to disfigure and despoil the country, the minister of public works is assisted by the minister for education and the minister for agriculture! Between these

three, and the municipalities, every species of vandalism is perpetrated, and it is most difficult to fit the blame of any special act on the right offender, so successfully do they all abet and cover each other, and so ardently do they labor in alliance with the municipalities to destroy all that is beautiful, desirable, and time-honored. It is these men who have forced upon Rudinl such a measure as the enormous grant of public money for the new University of Naples, a measure, in the present state of the country, utterly unwarranted. There is already far too much academic training, creating what Guglielmo Ferrero (himself a most brilliant scholar) calls the "intellectual proletariat;" multitudes of youths trained to nothing except mental exercises, and looking forward to be maintained by the State. It is a strange moment in which to waste millions on a new college, when tens of thousands of able-bodied men are forced to emigrate because the country which bore them cannot give them a crust, and when battalions of mutilated and invalided conscripts are returning home to drag out a miserable existence at the cost of poor relatives who have scarcely a rag to their backs!

Rudinl is most essentially a high-bred gentleman; and this high breeding, this chivalry, this delicacy, this magnanimity of temper and of action have made him too scornful of, and too generous to, ignoble foes. His aristocratic dislike to uproar, and scandal has made him fail to set his heel on the snake of Crispinism. His clear interest was to let the impeachment of Crispi go on to its end: he prevented it and he will probably learn too late the cost of a too generous error. A too loyal deference to a sovereign's wishes made him step back instead of forward at the critical moment; and such moments do not often return.

When he came into power the nation

expected, under his administration, two great measures, the impeachment of Crispi and the condemnation of Baratieri. It has been disappointed of both. The moral effect on the populace is extremely bad. The finest opportunity was offered for showing to the nation that justice was equal for all; but the occasion was lost. Baratieri was not even degraded and consigned to a fortress, and Crispi was not even called on to resign his seat and his orders. "Fine times for rogues!" says the artisan, as he eats his noonday crust, and the peasant as he plods after his oxen in the furrow.

The populace which, in its own rude unaided way, nearly always gropes rightly towards the truth, knows that the throne stands between the offenders and their just punishment, and shields them whilst just men are sacrificed. The spectacle of Baratieri retaining his grade, his pay, his seat in the Chamber, and his right to a pension, is as demoralizing to the military world as the spectacle of Francesco Crispi continuing to be received at court, to wear his collar of the S.S. Annunziata, to dun the State for liquidation of his pension, and to daily occupy six policemen in the care of his person, is to the civil portion of the nation.

The moral conscience of the Italian populace is not a sensitive one: it accepts with ease, and often with effrontery, considerable turpitude, and is too often prone to applaud as ingenuity or dexterity what is merely dishonest and disgraceful. It is, therefore, beyond measure to be regretted that when, for once, all its moral sentiments were justly aroused to disgust at the immorality of a ministry, and the unworthiness of a general, its righteous wrath has in both instances been balked, and its demand for justice been denied.

Civil law is turned into a burlesque, military law into a pantomime, and

the fatal lesson is taught to the populace that whoever is protected *in alto* may commit any crime with impunity. The weight of corruption, of successful corruption, all around him is a mass of putrefaction too heavy for the *populano* to lift. He shrugs his shoulders and lets it fester on, though he knows well that he and his are dying by inches of its pestilent emanations. In March last there passed over public feeling in Italy a wave of emotion which was kindred to that of the French people after Sedan; the national temper was for the moment at white heat; had there been a Garibaldi or a Cola di Rienzi who would have known how to seize the moment and to use it, great things might have been done. But the hour did not beget the man, and the occasion passed. To the finer temper and bolder impulse which no one utilized there has succeeded a weary, contemptuous, hopeless kind of inertia, a cynical derision which is, in itself, a paralysis of action. It finds vent, indeed, in jeering and scathing satires such as are never wanting in the land of Pasquin. But the indignation ends in the pasquinade; the gall of the satirist's ink dries up and the wrath evaporates. After Abou-Carima the soul of the people was, as I say, at a white heat; but the hand which could have struck the divine sparks from it was in the tomb or was unborn.

There was no one to turn the moment to account, and it passed unused. The people—unled—have now dropped back into their unwilling acquiescence, their discontented silence. How long they will remain in them none can tell.

There is in Italy, as in most European countries, a strong current of revolutionary impulse, and in Italy, more than in any other country, it is justified by history. The women, moreover, are in Italy frequently more eager for revolt than the men, instead of being, as in most other

countries, afraid of it. The movement of the Tuscan *trecciaiuole* or straw-plaiters has been worthy of much more attention than it has received. It has been momentarily quieted; but it is a fire covered down, not put out, and its incendiary power is alarming for its cause is just.

The *trecciaiuole* are all women of the peasantry, whose industry has been ruined by two causes: one, the importation of cheap machine-made hats from England; the other, the intervention of the middleman between them and their employers.

Twenty years ago all these women worked at home, and disposed of their plaiting themselves; now the straw factory absorbs most of them, and the rest, who are peasants plaiting in the intervals of other work, are the prey of the go-between, who buys up all they plait for the factory. When we think that a straw hat of the rudest kind takes two women a day to sew and shape, and that these two only receive twopence-halfpenny to be divided between them for the day's work, their protests must appear very natural. The sister industry of flask-weaving is similarly paid, and fifteen flasks are the lowest number received as the day's work of two women. Meantime the factory-owners and middlemen both make rapid fortunes. The demands of these workers are extremely moderate as yet; but their wrongs are great, and not to be lightly discounted as possible revolutionary forces. As they marched in compact bodies along the Tuscan roads this year, when the hedges were odorous with honeysuckle, they bore an ominous likeness to the women who marched down to Versailles a hundred years ago. Whenever there be revolution in Italy the women of Italy will play a great part, and the straw-plaiters of Tuscany one of the greatest. The severe sentences of imprisonment and solitary confinement which have been passed on many of

them, will not put out the fires of just wrath under cruel oppression which burn within them.

The great anomaly of government in Italy is, that the present form of Italian government having been created by revolution, is obliged (to secure its own stability) to treat revolutionary doctrines as a crime. The revolt of Parma, in the present month of July, at the slaughter by the police of Odoardo Cassinelli, is precisely in motive and feeling like the various revolts which were headed by Foscoli, Poerio, Garibaldi, and other patriots, of which the anniversaries are celebrated with enthusiasm in the same moment as any attempt at imitation of them is chastised by cavalry charges and musketry-fire. This contradiction constitutes a false position which is, as I have often said before this, an ever-open wound in the body politic. It is impossible to say with any consistency that revolt is a crime in Italy, when it is entirely to revolt that the existence of Italy as a united nation is alone due. The fury of the Parma crowd at the murder of this luckless citizen is every whit as natural as the indignation which convulsed other generations in Parma and many other cities, at similar official assassinations in the days of the Austrians and the Bourbons.

The steps taken now by government to suppress these demonstrations may be necessary; of course, no government can tolerate disorder and remain itself respected; but the fact remains, and makes the especial weakness of every Italian government, that it is thus obliged to persecute the very principles by which the nation, as a modern nation, has been called into being. If the populace resents being shot, sabred, arrested, and imprisoned for doing precisely that which the patriots whom it is bidden to distinguish by statues and venerate with jubilees did in their time, it cannot justly be blamed. The fact that one

Prince of Savoy then applauded the action and that another Prince of Savoy now abhors it, cannot really make any moral difference in it. Moreover, now as then, the brutal conduct of the police is the chief cause of public revolt. The man killed by the police in Parma last month (Odoardo Cassinelli) had been in prison under frivolous charges, and was subject to police surveillance, had lost his work through this, and when a barber engaged him on the miserable wage of one meal a day, the police intimidated his employer, who, to curry favor with them, had dismissed him; the police then arrested the unhappy man as being a vagrant without employment! When he resisted, as was natural enough, they shot him in the abdomen, and dragged him over the stones like a dirty rag (*cencio sporco*), to use the words of an eye-witness. It is quite natural, and is surely excusable, that this conduct on their part led to violence on the part of crowds who were already Cassinelli's friends, and endeavored to be his rescuers, and, when it was known that he was dead, was followed by an attack on the police-barrack. To ask a populace to consider such conduct on the part of police as the mere correct fulfilment of the law, is to make all law detested and despised. In the *Publica Sicurezza* the art of making criminal offences is carried to a most ingenious perfection. Harmless citizens are irritated, insulted, provoked about any trifle which presents itself, a dog, a child, a handcart, a little dust on a doorstep, a guitar played after dark, or a game of ball played too near the gate, any little incident or pretext will serve; the citizen, if he have a grain of spirit, or if he have drunk a drop of wine, rebels, in words at least; a word suffices; he is marched off to the police court and from that moment is a marked man, ruthlessly persecuted in every trifling detail in life.

The police is continually not only allowed but encouraged to be brutal in an intolerable degree in Italy, and retains all the odious features of the *sbirri* of an earlier time. The Crispinian reign of terror, of course, greatly increased these tendencies to insult and bully the people on every occasion; and were it not tragic in its issues, the swagger of these minions of the Questura would be comical. In Vincenza, in July last, a brigadier and a private of gendarmes were in church during mass; the brigadier saw a youth sitting on one of the benches with a small book on his knee in which he was apparently writing; in holy excess of zeal the brigadier approached to rebuke him for his irreverence, and saw that in the little book there was being drawn a caricature of his own sacred self. He arrested the caricaturist and marched him off to prison. This is only one out of a hundred similar instances of the self-idolatry and the intolerable tyranny of these men.¹ There is, moreover, in every government, prefecture, and municipality, such rooted prejudice in their favor, such favoritism, such resolution to admit nothing against them, that it is well-nigh impossible to ever obtain any redress for injury through them, still less any punishment of them for any offence. It is always taken for granted that they are right and that the public is wrong. When they are brought to trial for similar murders they are almost always acquitted; if condemned

¹ With the first days of this August the steamers which ply on the Grand Canal, to the infinite injury of its palaces, were for the first time allowed to continue their transit all night from Rialto to the station. The gondoliers, who already have suffered so much by these black devils, as they call them, threatened to strike. The next morning the steamers were filled with armed guards; every *traghetto* was occupied by armed force, and gondolas manned by custom-house men were in waiting everywhere. The poor gondoliers could do nothing. It is thus that the oldest and most interesting industry in Venice is treated, and anarchists made.

it is only to some trifling fine or term of imprisonment. Tribunals are always indulged and ministers favorable to them.

Agrarian war, a war of hunger, is very possible in Italy, perhaps even near. It seems to many observers wonderful that it has not come before now. But the force of the Italian populace is not husbanded; it is squandered in daily broils and wine-house stabbings and village feuds, and there is no knowledge of the union which is strength. To produce any effective action in a people unity is the first necessity, and union is only a word in Italy. They cannot be sure of each other; in every group there is some one who betrays; mutual distrust paralyzes mutual movement, and so the bulk of the nation is quiet, not because it is satisfied but because it is suspicious.

Rudinī believes that the sense of unity is strong in the breast of the nation. In Rome, in Milan, and some few cities it may be so, but in the bulk of the people there is not, I am convinced, the smallest feeling for political or national unity; there is not even in many rural parts the slightest comprehension of it. Indeed, how can such unity exist when the nation is broken up into different groups, each intensely wedded to its own views and creeds? A large proportion of the rural population does whatever its priests tell it; a considerable proportion of the aristocracy does so also. In many districts socialism has unlimited power, and in many of the towns republicanism has an equally strong hold. In the peasantry there is frequently to be found a very savage longing for anarchy, side by side with the rooted bigotry of Church superstition, whilst the majority of the moneyed and landed class are conservatives of the snobbish, stupid, intensely silly type. To this class belong all the civil service, all the couriers, and the innumerable generals

and prefects. This kind of persons are often called the sheet-anchors of a nation; it would be nearer the truth to call them the dead-lock. Their egotism is absolute, their ignorance appalling, their snobbism enormous, their narrowness, toadyism, and rotteness indescribable. These are the people who saved Tanlunço, and Baratiér, and Crispi, who control and corrupt the electorate, who supported the state of siege and the Domicilio Coatto, who applaud when musketry fire rakes the streets, who love brag and *blague*, and the Triple Alliance, who cringe to William of Hohenzolern, and would cringe just as humbly were he crowning himself in Rome like Henry VII.

They block the way to all true reform. They choke up, as sand chokes up a channel, the liberal and generous aspirations of Rudinī, whom they endeavor to bind down as the Lilliputians did Gulliver. They conspire against the people on every possible occasion. The Domicilio Coatto to them appears a divine institution. They think it unsupportable that Lavatteri should be in the Chamber. They are the Junkers, the Jingos, the Imperialists, the Philistines of Italy, and if they have their way, in the future there will be a civil war.

The dread of Socialism gives a strength which it would not otherwise possess to this philistine obstinacy which rejects all political freedom. The spirit of Socialism is so totally opposed to the spirit of Republicanism that the two cannot act in unison, and out of their division comes the opportunity of the Reactionary party, who will sustain any ministry which will keep down Socialism, and will support such ministry in any measures, however illegal, towards that end. A plague on all your parties may be said here, indeed, for amidst them all nothing is done, or will be done, to relieve the poor of the bur-

dens laid upon them; the State ruins millions of families, and any public writer who says so is accused of lèse majesté. It is monstrous that land should be taxed in such a manner that the annual tax far exceeds its annual produce; yet that is what is done all over the country, and done by the law in the name of the king, who, the peasant is told, is "irresponsible and intangible." Take one solitary instance. In one day and in one pretura alone in Sardinia, of the name of Jeruza, there were in the past month one hundred and ninety-seven forced sales of the holdings or goods of poor persons by the order of the tax-collector of that district; some of these sales were ordered because the debtor could not pay fifteen or sixteen centimes (a penny half-penny), and for this miserable little sum, swollen to large proportions by interest, fine, legal expenses for summons, seizure, distraint etc., etc., the unfortunate debtor is deprived of his little scrap of corn or pasture land; and by such infamous means, in the three last years, *no less than nine hundred freehold and dwelling places have been taken and confiscated by the State, in this sole commune of Jeruza.*

What state of things could any revolution bring about which, for the poor man, by any possibility would be worse than this? It is now eighteen years since Marion Crawford cited a similar instance known to him in the Agro Romano, and in all these years this frightful spoliation of the poor by the State has gone on from the southernmost shores of Sicily to the northernmost frontier of the Alps all over Italy and in Sardinia.

For those who protest there is only one reply: the prison.

The government, be it under whom it may, strips and ruins the people; it creates a hopeless and desperate misery out of a cheerful and patient industry; it turns good citizens and laborious peasants into beggars and

delinquents, as the physiologist in the laboratory turns healthy and happy animals into agonized and mutilated victims and putrid carcasses. To say that a nation is rightly ruled when such a system endures, is indeed to cry peace when there is no peace.

Rudini counts much on the decentralization which he is so anxious to make general; but so long as taxation and police tyranny remain unchanged decentralization can do nothing to benefit the poor. Cavallotti said, in a recent debate, that what he desired for his country was the free play of its various idiosyncrasies, the development of its natural genius; not a cut-and-dried uniformity, not an unity produced by the steam-roller of compression. Without this free play, without this liberty of special characteristics, he added, that Italy would never be more in the concert of nations than a quantité négligeable. He believes that the decentralization begun with the especial government for Sicily will produce this elasticity and natural growth. But most certainly it will never do so as long as the police system, the tribunals, the corporations, and the fiscal burdens remain what they are. It is not the preservation of tradition and custom and the consideration of vital interests which will be considered by the municipal and provincial councils when they obtain an absolutely free hand. These things are wholly indifferent to the local administrative temper; the province is a sheep to be sheared, a mule to be sold, and the local administrator is the Sensale, who arranges for the transaction and pockets the proceeds. It is difficult to see what remedy to this evil would lie in autonomous administration, and it is to be feared that the old Italian saying would be verified—*Mutano i muli ma non mutano gli urli.*

It is the whole Constitution which requires revision. The whole body politic needs fresh air, new systems,

cleansing, invigorating, changing; above all, if the monarchy last, the laws which muzzle the nation in its name must come to an end; the throne must have no other protection from discussion and censure than the simplest citizen possesses; the power to choose the prime minister must be vested in the Chamber instead of in the monarch. So long as this power lies under the crown, the crown can entirely paralyze all action of the Chamber. The crown must be absolutely forbidden to shield from their just punishment its personal favorites, whether these be corrupt politicians or incompetent soldiers, and its enormous civil list must be cut down to moderate proportions.

As long as the army is against revolution, so long revolution will not succeed in Italy; but the moment that the army refuses to charge the populace, revolution will succeed. The desire for it is strong in the breasts of the populace; but it is not yet strong enough to draw, as by a magnet, the steel out of the hands of the soldiery. There is discontent¹ bitter and chafing enough in the rank and file of the army, and even amongst the officers, for the favoritism, injustice, and petty tyrannies, from which they suffer, whilst the men who come home wounded, ragged, sick, miserable, from the campaign of Abyssinia, carry the propaganda of such discontent into towns and hamlets, plains, and valleys, and mountains all over the peninsula; none can say what result their propaganda may not have in the future. The soil is ripe for the seed. These men are all very young. They will very likely live long. They will look at their mutilated trunks, at their fever-wasted limbs through many a year, and say to those who are now babes: "Do not be such fools as we. Do not

let them drag you to the shambles."

With the childishness characteristic of all governments, the Italian government, on the return of the first regiments from Eritrea, issued an order that the soldiers were forbidden to relate their experiences, or speak in any way of the recent campaign! It may easily be imagined that such an order could no more be enforced than an order which should have forbidden the men to breathe. The soldiers are scattered all over the kingdom; thousands of them, cripples or invalids, have returned helpless on the hands of miserably poor parents. To suppose that they will not talk of all they have seen and suffered, would be to suppose that their tongues had been cut out of their throats. Indeed the order, based on the absolute ignorance of human nature common to all governments, is openly disregarded everywhere, and in the piazza of every little town, and on the church steps of every hamlet to which such a soldier has returned, with his sun-scorched, powder-burnt face, his lean bones, his still raw wounds, his ragged clothes, there is gathered an intent, listening, pitiful, indignant crowd, harkening to his every word, and cursing those who rule them. For many a year to come, the man who has to tell of the *maledetta guerra* will stir the heart of Italy, as Othello stirred Desdemona. Imbriana, moreover, is absolutely right; an Irredentista war would have captivated the sympathies of a vast majority of the nation; to liberate the Adriatic provinces and waters would have seemed a high emprise, a tangible desire. But the aggressive war on Abyssinia awakened enthusiasm in no one, except court flatterers and hungry military officers. To the king and to Crispi, the crown of Ethiopia seemed a jewel of price wreathed with laurel; but the truer sense of the nation saw in it only the tinsel circlet of the juggling. And for this insane effort to

¹ At the manoeuvres this month, it is bitterly cold in the Alps, but *there are no tents*, the men are told all the tents are in Africa!

secure the tinsel, the people have paid in sweat, in blood, in anguish, in an impoverishment which they may never recover, in an injury from which an unborn generation will suffer.

Every one knows, of course, that war cannot be made without wounds and death, any more than omelettes can be made without breaking eggs; but when such a war has been absolutely barren, senseless, unprovoked, and inexcusable, the people who pay for it in blood and money must curse their leaders with curses, only the more deeply felt because muttered under their breath for fear of the spies and the Shirri. Few wars, if any, have been more wanton and more wicked than the late war on Abyssinia; none have been more absolutely void of result. Thousands of young men have been maimed and crippled for life, and an enormous debt has been added to the financial burdens under which the country groans.

At a railway station the other day an officer of Bersaglieri saw a private of Bersaglieri who looked at him without saluting. The officer went up to him and rebuked him for the insolence.

"I cannot salute you," said the soldier coldly.

"Why not?"

"Open my cloak and you will see."

The officer undid the clasps of the cloak; the soldier had lost both arms in Africa. These are the scenes which are daily and hourly being repeated from the Alps to Etna, now that the regiments are returning from Massowah.

In a satirical journal called *L'Uomo d' Pietra*, there appeared, in the week after the Milan festivities of last June, a sketch of two street-sweepers. One says to the other, pointing to the royal cortège: "Do you see, what plumes, what crosses, what gold-embroidered coats?" The other answers,

"Yes, I see. And to think that if only

we shouted 'Here comes Menelik!' away they would all scuttle like so many rats!"

This is a specimen of the lesson of the Abyssinian campaign, as read to and by the people. They have learned the true worth of this empty pomp and glitter of war; the true utility of these feathered and decorated puppets who prance before them. If the lesson abide in their memories, it will have been well to learn it, even at its awful cost. But the Italian quickly forgets, more quickly than any other nationality. His fury is tremendous for the moment, but it is froth, and froth is never lasting.

The heart of the people was in the right when it held those military glorifications in the worst possible taste, whilst hundreds of Italian soldiers are languishing in exile and dying like flies of home-sickness and of hope deferred. No censure can be too severe of such want of decency, as the selection of a season of national defeat and calamity for a repetition of the wearisome eulogies of Victor Emmanuel, who, if he could have moved or spoken, would have broken his sword and thrown it amongst the people in a soldier's shame and indignation at such in-timed honors.

At the same time as these ill-bred and inopportune festivities were taking place in Milan, soldiers were being disembarked at Naples shoeless, shirtless, beggared, miserable, unprovided for, finding their homeward way as best they might, whilst a corporal with bare feet, and a picture of battle as a placard on his chest, begged for alms from the passer-by, and was arrested as an unauthorized mendicant by the police. Such facts, such contrasts, as these do more to popularize revolutionary principles than would do all the meetings which are forbidden, and the newspaper articles which are sequestered by order of the prefectures.

It is idle, and worse than idle, to

bid the populace respect "existing institutions," when these are the spectacles offered by those institutions to its contemplation.

OUIDA.

II.

THE ITALIANS IN AFRICA.

When visiting Abyssinia three short years ago, and tarrying in the quaint old towns of Adoua and Aksum, we little thought that this remote corner of the world would so soon develop into a centre of European interest. Then it seemed as if Italy gradually but surely was establishing herself in the heart of the old Ethiopian Empire, and we laughed at our patriotic Abyssinian servant, who prophesied that the day was not far distant when his countrymen would sweep the Italians and all their innovations into the sea. Since that time, after General Baratieri's victories over Menelek, Adoua and the sacred city of Aksum itself fell into the hands of Italy, and the Echeguè Theologos, the head of the Abyssinian Church, and the clergy of Tigré welcomed the conquerors with open arms.

A few short months have so absolutely changed the aspect of affairs that the world can hardly realize the position as yet and what will come of it. As for the battlefield of Abba Garima, so lately stained by Italian blood, we passed over it, then little dreaming of the part it was to play in history, and thus I find it described in my notebook:—

On our way to Yeha from Adoua we ascended rapidly for a time, and crossed over a ridge of hills which brought us to a broad valley, completely hedged in by an amphitheatre of precipitous mountains, Mount Scellota being on one side of us and Abba Garima on the other. A stream runs through this valley, the Mai Veless, and the soil looks fertile enough, but it is a sad instance of Abyssinian deteriora-

tion. Ruined villages are to be seen in all directions, with the customary church in the middle, almost hidden by its sacred grove, which has turned into a jungle. Apparently, at no very distant period, every inch of this valley had been cultivated; now only on a few acres at the upper end, where the valley is narrow and irrigation easy, is any cultivation carried on.

All the surrounding hills have been terraced for cultivation, and present much the same appearance as the hills in Greece and Asia Minor, which have been neglected for centuries; but nowhere in Greece or Asia Minor have I ever seen such an enormous extent of terraced mountains as in this Abyssinian valley. Hundreds and thousands of acres must here have been under the most careful cultivation, right up almost to the tops of the mountains, and now nothing is left but the regular lines of the sustaining walls, and a few trees dotted about here and there. This valley is most completely shut in—quite such an one as one can imagine Rasselas to have lived in. We lunched and reposed by the side of the stream, and then commenced an exceedingly toilsome ascent on foot, up which the mules scrambled with difficulty, by a road which has evidence of having once been good and carefully engineered, but which in these later times is a mass of fallen boulders and small stones.

In this valley was fought the destructive battle on the 1st of March last, which appears permanently to have ruined the Italian cause in the Ethiopian Empire.

But we have not to look to Abyssinia for the immediate cause of this crushing disaster; for this we must go to Italy, and consider the present state of Italian politics, where we shall see a glaring instance of how a cause can be irretrievably spoiled by the suicidal action of desperate party-spirit at home. General Baratieri was but the representative of the war party in Abyssinia, and he was driven to enter upon a campaign with forces badly equipped and utterly unprepared for action solely because the

condition of his party at home required it, and if he lost his head on the fatal day of Abba Garima, when all the circumstances are considered, I think we shall say that he has more claim for our pity than our blame.

Broadly speaking, the advocates of the Abyssinian colony and the war to extremity party are to be found in the southern provinces of Italy, the principal organs for the continuation of the war and the retrieval of the honor of Italy are the Neapolitan journals; whereas the advocates of peace at any price and the abandonment of colonial honors are to be found in the north of Italy, in the plains of Lombardy and Venice, where the newspapers are taking up a unanimous line on this point. The question is a burning one at present there, and it is distinctly assuming the aspect of a struggle between the North and South of the peninsula.

Signor Scarfoglio, the editor of *Il Mattino* of Naples, is the great advocate for the war policy. Perhaps it may be the Spanish blood which flows in the Neapolitan veins, leading to a certain want of judgment and carelessness about consequences, which has made this aspect of the case favorable to the Southern eyes, and secured for Signor Crispi and his ambitious schemes for the glory of Italy in Africa, at all hazards, the warmest support from the South.

The peace party and the abandoning of Africa party are to be found in the north. In cool and well-calculated articles on "the responsibility of the war," Signor Macola, the correspondent of the *Gazetta di Venezia*, has argued his point from the opposite side. Signor Rossi, correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*, has likewise taken up the same line of view. These long-headed sons of northern Italy argue that no colony ought ever to be undertaken except with a certain degree of likelihood of *torna conto*, or financial success; they say that national honor has nothing to do with

the question, and ought not to be taken into account; that the matter should be treated purely as a financial speculation, and that when success is doubtful, the object should be abandoned at once.

Hence, by reducing the subject to its narrowest limits, we may safely say that the war in Abyssinia in the past and the policy of the future is very definitely a contest between southern and northern Italy, and gives us another proof, if there was one wanting, that thirty years of union has not succeeded in uniting Italy, that the cautious Lombard is no fitting mate for the hot-blooded Neapolitan; and to this fact, more than to any other, is due the recent series of disasters in Abyssinia, and the enormous outlay of capital forced upon an already greatly impoverished exchequer.

So as to arrive at a clear conception of what has happened in Abyssinia, and to form a better idea of what is likely to happen in the future, we cannot do better than consider closely the arguments put forward by the exponents of these two lines of policy in Italy itself, for, as matters now stand, the conditions are exactly the same as they were before the recent disaster, only accentuated. Northern Italy is still louder in her cries for the abandonment of colonial aspirations and peace at any price, whilst southern Italy is equally loud in demanding the recovery of national glory, and the continuation of the war until the emperor of Ethiopia is entirely crushed.

Firstly, let us take the arguments of Signor Scarfoglio, the director and proprietor of the *Mattino* of Naples, and an inhabitant of the Abruzzi province; they are very forcibly in favor of the expansion of Italy in Africa, the maintenance of Italian honor and very much against peace at any price. His language is strong, and his writing, to say the least of it, is emphatic. He likens the honor of

Signor Cavallotti, Rudini, and Ricotti to a piece of elastic, and bitterly continue: "Ricotti says the honor of an army is saved when it has fired all its bullets, even if its generals are under process and bear indications of having left the field with a ball in their back," referring to the flight of General Ellena, who was thus wounded at Abba Garima.

Again, he accuses S. Cavallotti of maintaining that the honor of an army varies according to latitude, and what is dishonorable at home becomes honorable in the tropics; and he is very angry with S. Colajani, member for one of the Sicilian divisions, who maintained that all colonial questions ought only to be considered from a point of financial advantage. Having thus inflamed the patriotic ardor of his readers, he proceeds to give his arguments in a calmer and more lucid manner, many of which are very convincing at first sight, and particularly pleasing to vanity.

There are two questions to be considered, he shows, in dealing with the Italian occupation of Abyssinia. Firstly, the northern provinces or the older colony of Eritrea, and secondly, the protectorate the Italians have assumed over Benadir, to the south of the Galla country on the Juba River. As to the northern colony, he argues that it would be a dangerous possession forever should Menelik's terms of peace be accepted; if their frontier is not to be fortified, and if there is to be a buffer king of Tigre between Eritrea and Menelik, who is entirely objectionable to his subjects, it would cause an everlasting condition of trouble and unrest for the colony.

Again, the economic results of a restricted Eritrea would be disastrous. The poor pastoral nomads can pay no taxes, and the result of an attempt at taxation has been that they have taken their departure as soon as the approach of the tax-collector is announced. The Italians have bought

no properties here; no one cultivates the country except for actual domestic purposes. Minerals do not exist in Eritrea, and the salt-works on the coast have not proved very successful. The pearl fishers on Dalhac island cannot pay taxes, and moreover look on their fisheries as an hereditary and inalienable right. The agricultural prospects are not bright, all the littoral is without water, and the experiments made by Baron Franchetti, who was sent out by the Italian School of Agriculture, have proved that only by a great and expensive system of hydraulic work could the plateau of Asmara be rendered fertile. Only the districts of Sarae and Okule Kusai are relatively fertile, and even here vines and olives would cost ten times the price of production, and by the proposed limit of Rudini's colony these districts would be outside the limits of the Italian influence.

Then, again, as to commerce, he shows that Massowa, which was once a flourishing port of commerce, is so no longer since the transference of the seat of the Abyssinian empire to the Galla country, because fruits, ivory, gold, coffee, and skins are more abundant in that district, and now the line of commerce seeks the sea by the way of Harrar, and Massowa is simply kept alive by being the seat of the Italian government and the centre of their military operations. Consequently S. Scarfoglio is convinced that with the northern portion alone the Italians can do no good whatsoever.

Turning now to the southern portion on the Indian Ocean, the protectorate over Benadir and the Juba River, he sees a very different state of affairs and prospects far more brilliant. Here the Italians have accepted the protectorate over certain tribes and towns, the country about which is exceedingly fertile and well adapted to produce all kinds of tropical crops. With this portion of Africa to man-

age, and with an active policy for the expansion of the Italian colony in the direction of Harrar and Shoa, future benefit, says S. Scarfoglio, is sure to accrue to Italy. Moreover, he continues, Italy and Italy's king, when they assumed the protectorate assumed also irrevocable responsibilities over the four towns and tribes handed over to them by the sultan of Zanzibar, and they will be obliged to protect them from the raids of the Gallas, the dependants of Menelik, and whilst making peace at one end they would feel obliged to commence hostilities at the other, and if they abandoned all responsibility over this district, Italy would not be only irrevocably disgraced, but would cut off from herself all prospect of expansion over the richest and best worth having portion of the country. From whichever point of view Signor Scarfoglio looks at it, from a point of honor, economy, and utility, peace, he says, is absurd, and it would cost, he adds in conclusion, "in fortifications, in railways, in secondary roads, in maintaining forces, in hydraulic works, in transport, in erecting forts on the Juba River, twice as much as war."

Such are the echoes from southern Italy, as told us by a man who knows Africa well, and the most ardent advocate for the prosecution of the war. His arguments are, of course, exceedingly popular throughout the whole of southern Italy, and are warmly supported by the Italian army, anxious to retrieve its glory, and by the army contractors, with whom his enemies say Signor Scarfoglio is on particularly intimate terms. He has had many pitched battles with the advocates of peace and the opponents of the Crispi policy, more especially with Signor Saracco, who, though minister of public works in Crispi's Cabinet, was much averse to his colonial policy. Perhaps, fortunately for the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Signor Scarfoglio was unsuccessful in

obtaining a seat, if his powers of oratory are as vehement as his powers of writing, and as a son of southern Italy from the Abruzzi district, they are pretty nearly sure to be.

Let us now turn and see what the people of northern Italy have to say for themselves. Signor Macola, member of the Chamber of Deputies and war correspondent for the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, is about the ablest exponent of the feelings now rife in the northern Italian provinces. His statements and arguments are ably endorsed by Signor Rossi, the war correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, and all the leading papers of Turin, Milan, Venice, and northern Italy generally are unanimous in supporting his views.

On one point only does northern Italy agree with the south, and that is on the absolute uselessness of the Colony of Eritrea as it now exists, but at the same time it condemns the continuation of the war. Firstly, they say that the expenses of the war would ruin the credit of Italy entirely, and would necessitate the expenditure of unknown millions of liras; secondly, that it would compromise the organization of the Italian army, drawn up with a view to participating in a European and not in an African war; then, that if Shoa, Harrar, and the Juba districts were permanently colonized they would never compensate for the expense and sacrifice that it would cost Italy to obtain them, without so much as taking into consideration the fact that they would have to maintain perpetual warfare in the Shoa mountains, for the inhabitants of this district being a warlike race would never submit.

In the same papers, too, we find it suggested that Italy not having industries adapted for transplantation into that country, and not having capital to start lucrative trades in Africa, could never hope to get her

return for her expenditure. Moreover, they show that the emigration question has been thoroughly sifted by Baron Franchetti, who proves that the cost of his agricultural experiments, first at Asmara, and secondly at Adi Ougri, near Godofallassi, to which he exported fifteen families of contadini, stood the Italian government no less than four thousand lire per family, and that at the end of four years the results were far from satisfactory, and the cost of production ten times the value of the articles produced, and now, in the present state of the country, this enterprise, which might have improved as years went on, has had to be abandoned.

Signor Rossi, of the *Corriere della Sera*, has been in South America and seen the Italian emigrants there, and maintains that it is hopeless for Italy to try and turn the course of Italian emigration from America to Abyssinia, because the class which emigrates is taken from the poorest and most ignorant of the Italian contadini, men who can just scrape up enough to pay their passage to America, whereas what is wanted for colonization in Africa is capital and a high order of intelligence.

Such are the arguments rife in Italy at the present moment, and there is no question about it that the position is highly critical, and one which places the country in a grave dilemma. National dishonor seems to stare them in the face on one side, and national bankruptcy on the other.

There are still those who maintain that something might be made out of a restricted Eritrea, but they are few, and by no means the most experienced in the affairs of Africa. Ferdinando Martini, from Tuscany, is one of these, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and former minister of instruction. Besides his work on Italian Africa he is known as a clever writer of comedies, one in particular,

entitled "Chi sa il giuoco non lo insegni," gained for him considerable reputation. Three years ago he made a somewhat hurried and restricted tour in Eritrea as commissioner of enquiry for Parliament. At first he was all for abandoning Africa, and brought a motion before the Chamber after the battle of Dogali for the withdrawal of the Italian troops from the colony, but it was rejected.

Two years afterwards, when he had visited the colony, he wrote a book, in which he gives it as his opinion that it would be madness to increase the colony beyond the Mareb, but that as so much money had been sunk, and so much labor expended, he does not think it would be right to abandon the colony altogether, and he now advocates that Italy should hold the restricted colony of Eritrea, make what terms she can with Menelek, and devote her attention to developing its resources and encourage combination there as best she can; in short, make the best of a bad bargain and not seek to throw good money after bad. His views are taken by several papers and writers of the moderate stamp in various parts of Italy, and by people who do not care to take an active part in the contest which is going on between North and South; they hope, but scarcely believe, that it may be possible to squeeze something out of Eritrea still. Prominent amongst these is the Count Camperio, a Waldensian Protestant, whose pet scheme it has been ever since the foundation of the colony to establish a Waldensian colony in the northern district of Eritrea; with this object in view he has visited Africa in person, but his schemes are at present in the air, and have probably received a permanent check by the late reverses.

This is a most unfortunate fact for Italy that the extreme radical and socialistic element are in favor of abandoning the colony, and are now

in the proud position of being able to say, "We told you so all along."

Papers such as *Il Secolo* and *L'Italia del popolo*, etc., maintain that Crispi only organized the last expedition to Africa in the hope of increasing his power, and silencing for a time the unpleasant questions brought forward by Signor Cavolotti on the subject of the "questione morale." He merely wanted, they say, to divert public attention for awhile, and he did so reckless of the results.

From all these points it will be seen how terribly disunited Italy is on this colonial subject, and the question would almost appear to have in it the element of renewed disintegration of the country unless some firm and cautious hand undertakes the management of affairs. A further disaster in Africa would be most calamitous for Italy.

Luckily they have now in Eritrea at the head of affairs a cautious man, General Baldisera; he has always been opposed to a rash policy. He did his best to prevent Baratieri from making his advance across the Mareb, and spoke out strongly at the time against Signor Crispi's ambitious schemes, and if his advice had been listened to long ago we should never have heard of General Baratieri's successes, which were so intoxicating at the time, and the cause of so much subsequent disaster. Baldisera's position now is no enviable one, it is fraught with difficulties and dangers on every side, and on him depends not only the safety of the Italian colony, but the preservation of peace and contentment at home.

In the deep state of confusion which has ensued after the late disaster, and the conflicting reports sent home, it is somewhat difficult to arrive at the actual truth about the causes which led to the fatal results at Abba Garima. General Baratieri had so free a hand given him by Crispi, and so inflated was he by the victories of

Kassala and Coatit, that there is no question about it that he lost his head, would listen to no advice, and would brook no opposition. As an instance of this we may cite the expulsion of the war correspondents from the colony before the battle took place. Signor Bizoni, war correspondent of the *Secolo*, was turned out of the colony for having said that the service of the army was absolutely bad, that the soldiers were without means of transport, and that there was the greatest disorder amongst them, that they suffered from thirst and hunger; and finally, for alleging that some of the soldiers were constrained from hunger to eat the leg of a mule which had died from fatigue on the way. Signor Rossi, of the *Corriere della Sera*, was also expelled for confirming these statements, and more especially for emphasizing the episode of the leg of the mule.

Signor Mercatelli, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, was allowed to remain because he only wrote home what General Baratieri wanted; moreover, the *Tribune* was a paper strictly devoted to Crispi and his policy. Once it had been strongly anti-African in policy, but owing to the substantial support given it by Signor Crispi and Signor Blanc, it found it more convenient to change its politics.

Signor Macola, of the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, was also allowed to remain because he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies and a man too strong to expel; furthermore, he had hitherto always been on the side of Crispi and his African policy in the hope of dealing a blow thereby at the extreme radical party which always opposed it. However, after watching the progress of events in Eritrea, he was led to take up an independent line, and to attack the ambitious schemes of Crispi and Baratieri through his organ at home, and from his articles published in the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, entitled "The Responsi-

bility of the War," we can, perhaps, get a clearer and fairer insight into the causes of the disaster than from any other source.

In the first place he shows us how responsible posts were given to those only who favored Baratieri's schemes. Colonel Valenzano, he tells us, was put in command, "a thoroughly excellent person, who had never been in Africa before, but on his way out with me in the steamer read up the 'Africa Italiana' of F. Martini." Salsa, too, he tells us, was only promoted for bravery at Kassala, and these two men received positions for which they were quite unfitted, instead of men of much greater experience, simply because they would not oppose Baratieri's schemes.

Signor Macola speaks at great length of the "superb ignorance" displayed by General Baratieri, of everything connected with his troops; the battalions were sent up country without covering from cold, without food, and without a sufficient number of mules to carry their things; the medical department was equally badly organized, being absolutely without quinine and astringent medicines so necessary in a climate like that; an officer who had been clamoring for shoes for his men for forty days, at last got five pairs for distribution among a whole company. As an unheeded prophet of ill, Signor Macola is now proudly able to say that he wrote to Marquis Rudini in January last, "the success of the campaign is compromised by the want of preparation. I fear disaster."

He complains bitterly of the expulsion of his colleagues Bizoni and Rossi "for telling the truth," and "my letters," he adds, "were opened and shut again." He maintains that General Baratieri's brilliant march and surprise of Kassala, and his subsequent victories over Ras Mangashah, had quite turned his head and made him deaf to all reasonable arguments; that

he was blind to the shocking organization of his army, so bad was it that many of the soldiers did not know what battalions they belonged to, and had no notion who their officers were.

In the face of all this it is hardly to be wondered at that the Italian troops met with an overwhelming disaster when they found themselves surrounded by the enemy, and in this rests the best hope for the future, that with proper organization and a cautious policy the honor of Italy may be retrieved. And it is sincerely to be hoped that this may be so, as there is no question of doubt that theirs is the cause of civilization and humanity in this corner of the Dark Continent.

Nothing in the annals of the Italian colony is calculated to give a more gloomy aspect for the financial future of Eritrea than Baron Leopold Franchetti's report on the agricultural prospects of the country given in a pamphlet entitled, "The Future of the Colony of Eritrea," and published in 1895. Baron Franchetti spent four years in the colony, making experiments on behalf of the Italian School of Agriculture in various forms of agricultural pursuits. Olives, vines, and fruit-bearing plants were exported from Italy and the various parts of the world where they best flourished; fine cattle were brought from Lombardy and fifteen families of Italian contadini were transplanted at the expense of the State to the high plateau of Abyssinia to assist him in carrying out these experiments.

In his report he treats of three districts of the colony. Firstly, that of the coast line, near Massowa, which he dismisses as absolutely hopeless. Secondly, the district around Asmara at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and here the results were by no means promising; vines and olives would here do no good, and cereals could only be favorably cultivated with great outlay of capital in irrigation works. Thirdly, the districts between

Gura and Godofalessi and near Digsa, where the results were mostly satisfactory, but ordinary.

Consequently he wisely suggests in his report that colonists cannot be expected to go to a place where their results will be no more than in Italy, where the danger is infinitely greater and the climate more uncertain, and where all other employments have to be done by themselves:

Since the initial collection of agriculturists on the plateau of Abyssinia is not sufficient to secure work and sufficient profit for artisans, small merchants and little industries indispensable to its existence, and to furnish local merchants with the means of livelihood and with produce necessary for new comers, it is necessary to supply for this an artificial organization. If not, neither contadini or capitalists will emigrate there. Private speculation will not see its equivalent gain in undertaking such an enterprise, unless it is to provide its goods at a price ruinous to the colonists. It is obvious, therefore, that the State must undertake this business itself. But in the present state of our credit every superfluous expenditure ought to be excluded. The State pays millions every year on the army, it spent eight millions of lire last year on the maintenance of its force in Eritrea, there will be ten millions spent in this present year, and no one knows how many in the future for the military occupation of the colony.

He goes on to point out the suicidal policy of a military occupation to protect producers of commodities, raising the price of their products to one many times their value, and demonstrates that Italy need never think of establishing a successful colony, unless the producers who should own the soil, can pay or supply their own protection and can provide a market for artisans who will relieve them of having to do work to which they are unaccustomed.

Probably Italy never thought of all this when she embarked on the colonial line. But there is no doubt that she has learnt it all now by bitter ex-

perience, and if the matter had to be reconsidered colonial honors are not those after which she would seek. There are those in Italy who assert that England is responsible for inducing Italy to embark in her mad career of colonization, and if this is the case we have acted the part of the wealthy man who induces his poor neighbor to vie with him in splendor and thereby leads him on to ruin, and if this is the case we are only doing our duty when we try to draw the Dervishes away from Kassala.

J. THEODORE BENT.

**From Temple Bar.
THE WOODMAN.**

BY MRS. FREDERIC HARRISON.

"Nightingales warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee:
Shadows of three dead men
Walked in the walks with me—
Shadows of three dead men—and thou
Wast one of the three."

TENNYSON.

Our village, as we have said, stands in a clearing in a woodland country. Below us stretches a great oak forest on its ancient home of clay, and around and above us grow almost every variety of tree. Beeches, with their splendor of autumn coloring, the feathery ash and huge chestnut-trees, not the chestnut only that reminds one in shape of the trees in a child's toy-box, but the beautiful Spanish variety, its trunk curving flames.

There is perhaps no country so melancholy yet so fascinating as a forest country, nor one in which the individual finds his own personality so completely reflected in nature. The dweller in the mountains has ever before him the sense of the unattainable, as the eternal hills disclose themselves fold behind fold; but the forest whispers to you of your own thought; what you left in its charge yesterday you find again to-morrow. Your own thoughts are but hidden among the trees.

The forest is even yet the great fact

about our country-side. Down to the year 1700, or thereabouts, the forest had been the Birmingham of England, and even so late as the last century it saw the smelting of iron and the casting of cannon. Now the fires are out, and the forges cold, the forest seems to have reverted to its original uses. A number of small industries have sprung up anew which give employment to the woodlander all the year round, and which furnish work to many farm-laborers when farming operations are at a standstill.

Occupations are still more or less hereditary amongst the country folk about us, but in no craft is the work carried on so steadily from father to son as in the craft of the woodlander. There is perhaps a feeling that it is an artist's life, something apart from and superior to the ordinary agricultural work; perhaps, too, there is an inherited instinct which draws men to the woods and gives them what seems to the vulgar an almost miraculous power of understanding about trees. The woodlander will tell you, by the appearance of the branches, whether or no a young oak has struck fresh soil, and if so, of what soil; he will tell you, by the appearance of the bark, whether a rabbit, a hare, or a squirrel has caused certain damages. He knows by the southing of the wind in the branches what manner of tree is near to him. But of all this, and much more, may we not read in Mr. Thomas Hardy's delightful book "*The Woodlanders*?"

We, however, here are concerned with the story of a certain young Asaph Hahnaker, the tallest, brightest, most intelligent young fellow of these parts. He lived with his widowed mother in a small house in the woods. It was a most romantic spot, far away from the highroad, far away, indeed, from any public pathway. It might have stood for the original house in the wood belonging to the mythical "three bears" of our childhood. It was perched at the top of a deep ravine, down which rushed a little mountain stream, and on a summer's afternoon the sunlight flickering up through the banks of

larches seemed to linger lovingly on the little homestead. So remote, so solitary, so silent an abode we had never before seen; but Mrs. Hahnaker laughed at the notion of silence. The forest, she explained to us, "was full o' company" when you know how to understand it, but "mayhap," she said, "you've only lived among folk."

Asaph Hahnaker's father had been a notable woodman in his day, and, though he had never held any official position, his opinion was sought far and near. He had been one of those who in his hot youth had tramped fourteen weary miles at night to bring to our village a new maypole, to set up in place of the old. A fine, brave, resolute old man he was when we knew him. Unhappily he had caught the "copse fever" some years back, and every autumn and spring he was down with it, but his fine constitution and temperate habit soon set him up after these periodic attacks. One spring, however, the dread influenza came "atop," as he said, of his usual malarial fever, and, "being raining-time, it ate the heart out of him," and so he died, and was buried near the other Hahnakers, under the great yew of our churchyard. He left a widow and two sons just grown to manhood.

Mrs. Hahnaker had hardly dried her tears and taken up the thread of life again when a second blow fell upon her. Her eldest son, the joy of her heart, and now the chief pride of her life, was brought home to her one day broken and twisted out of the shape of a man. He had been crushed by the fall of a tree, and in the hours of life that remained to him his mother had but one thought, could breathe but one prayer—that his cruel sufferings might have an end, and that he, too, might be at rest with his father in the quiet churchyard.

Mrs. Hahnaker's sorrow, in its dignity and simplicity, set aside all attempts at a vain condolence. "Yes," she would say, "it was kind, very kind, to try to comfort her, but she alone knew what she had lost." She steadily resisted all the well-meant efforts of friends and

neighbors to induce her to leave her lonely house, now darkened with painful memories, and to take a cottage nearer to the village. She, in answer, would only shake her head and rock herself to and fro in her grief, until one day some would-be comforter persisted over much. Then, rising from her seat and drawing herself to her full height, "Ye weary me, woman, ye do, with y're talking—'twas their home, and 'tshall be my home! 'Tis hard, very hard, but I'd scorn myself if I could forget. Leave me alone with my dead."

And so the days went on. Mrs. Halnaker found an interest in life in keeping things within the cottage just as they had been of old, when the jolly woodsman came up the glen and whistled to his wife to tell her of his home coming. His chair was always drawn to the chimney-corner, the list slippers were put handy, the old pipe peeped over the ledge of the chimney-board. Little by little Asaph came to understand that in no way could he give so much pleasure to his mother as by sitting in his dead father's chair, and in every way trying to take that father's place. One evening, as he came up the steep pathway that led to the Crow's Nest, footsore and weary with the day's work and a long tramp home, his thoughts were full of his father, and of how cheerily he had always known to beguile the way, if not with much of talk, yet with his robust and sympathetic presence; he remembered, too, the whistle and the nightly "Well, dame," which seemed to fill the little parlor with warmth and affection. Poor Asaph groaned, and almost without knowing it he blew his father's well-known whistle. The sound startled him, and, angry with himself for his heedlessness, he hurried up to the cottage door, where his mother met him and, throwing herself into his arms, sobbed aloud. But Asaph knew that in some mysterious way he had given her pleasure, and from that day forth the young vigorous whistle rang every evening through the woods as seven o'clock drew near.

It must be remembered that village

life in these latter days does not apparently admit of much amusement, and, good mother as she was, Mrs. Halnaker would oftentimes say to her son that it was but a sad life that he led with a lonesome old woman. He must take up with some bright good girl and get married; and, "Zaph," she would say, "remember this: I lived with my husband's mother a many years, and was a good daughter to her, an' I shall know how to be a good mother to your wife when you gets one. As I take no more pleasure here in bein' mistress, so do you bring in a new mistress. I won't never be in the way; the place is big enough for us all."

Asaph had always laughed hitherto, and replied that he did very well as he was—he had no time "to go round courtin'."

His favorite pastime was to go once a week during the winter months to the blacksmith's house on the village green, where the smith and one or two others made music together. The blacksmith played the 'cello, and, by a genius for discreet omission in the rendering of the printed text, managed to provide a very respectable bass. The 'cello was an historic instrument; it had descended in the blacksmith's family from the days when, with a violin and a viola, it led the hymn-tunes from the old church gallery. The smith had taken unheard-of pains to learn to play upon it, and had almost given up the attempt in despair when a musical friend suggested to him to paint a long, deep, white band on either side the strings, and with dark lines mark the scale. It cost immense labor to get this done, but it enabled the smith to play certain tunes in certain keys, and, as I say, the 'cello always proved to be a very respectable bass in the village quartettes.

One day in early spring, when the air rang with the songs of birds and all the country-side was gay with blossom, Asaph came home somewhat earlier than usual, and prepared himself evidently for a formal event. The winter practices had come to an end, but they were to result in a concert, a real con-

cert, which was to be given in a sort of barn at the back of the smithy, and it had been suggested that, with all the instruments at hand, it would be right and proper to end the evening with a dance.

"Zaph" Hahnaker looked a fine figure of a man as he hastened down the steep path, dressed in his best, for the village merrymaking. He was tall—"a good six feet," he laughingly would say, "in the morning"—broad shouldered and straight limbed, and his head, well set upon his shoulders, was covered with clusters of dusky fair hair. His features were not strictly handsome, but his clear, open blue eyes and frank, pleasant smile gave him a title to be considered the best looking young fellow of the village. He was dressed on this occasion in a round coat, a bright colored waistcoat, leggings—apparently he would hardly have known how to stand upright without his leggings—and a new blue tie, of which the ends hung loose. His mother watched him with pride and something like a new joy at her heart as he swung down through the woods, carrying his violin in a bag upon his arms.

But his mind was intent upon other business beside music that fine spring evening. On the brow of the hill, where the road turns to wind through the village, stands a farm, a homely old world place with high roofs and important stacks of chimneys, the whole now touched to russets and crimsons by the setting sun. What garden there was was stocked with spring flowers, but the great glory of the front consisted in a hedge of lilac. The great tassels of bloom hung heavily in rich clusters upon the dark green foliage, and mounted on a low wooden stool, with arm outstretched to pluck the lilac and eyes turned upon the road, stood a young girl. Her sun-bonnet had fallen upon her shoulders, and her round, soft arm, from which the cotton sleeve had been thrust aside, lay white among the flowers, the fairest may-blossom of them all. She hastily jumped from the stool as she caught sight of Asaph, not, however, before he

had seen her and had asked permission to come inside the gate.

"What! Master Hahnaker, going to the music?" said she.

"Yes," he replied; "but there's time enough for that. Mayn't I just come in and help you gather the laylock? I've been wanting to see you, to tell you as I'd got a bird for you o' mother's own breeding. If it sings like its father, it should make a deal o' music in the house. But, Mercy," he continued, in more earnest tones, "you have some'ut to say to me first. I've got the job up by Absters, and that'll put a good bit o' money in my pocket, and I've planned it all so as to spend nothing when I'm away; and now that is so, Mercy dear, and the house is all ready, and mother so anxious, won't you say you'll be mine, and let me go and tell y're father? I know that you're above me, and that, mayhap, y're father will be lookin' higher for ye; but ye'll never find a man to love ye better, an' I'll wait on ye, an' learn o' ye, and Mercy dear—"

How it was they never knew, but Mercy dropped an apronful of great branches of lilac, and found herself gathered into Asaph's strong arms and her head upon his shoulder.

The course of true love never did run smooth, and, favorite as he was of the country-side, Asaph had his difficulties. Mercy's father expected her to marry money and keep a maldservant, to have farm-servants under her, and to be a thriving farmer's wife as her mother had been before her; but Mercy was his favorite child, and there was no denying that young Asaph was a credit to the place, and might in time become a man of importance and command in the woods. So a somewhat reluctant consent was won from the parents, the marriage was to take place early in the next spring, and Mercy was to spend the long days in sewing for her new home, while Asaph went up to Absters for the copse work.

Once or twice in the autumn Asaph came home, but it was a long tramp from Absters, and he resolutely denied himself the hire of any sort of convey-

ance however humble. The folk in our village are not given to letter writing, and, though Asaph so far forgot himself as to send one letter to his sweetheart, it would have been considered beneath his dignity, as a man of sense, to write oftener.

Mercy hemmed and sewed, and stitched and blushed, as she put in the red letters on the household linen which joined their names together—and so autumn and winter came and went. The weather was chill and very dry, when one day in early spring a rumor came to the village that a man was very ill—of fever, so it was said—up at Absters, and that there were children down with it, too. The nearest doctor was communicated with, and he, saddling his horse, at once rode up.

Absters is the name given to a straggling collection of rough houses on either side a green lane. It can in no sense be called a village; there is neither church nor school, nor, more wonderful still, public house. The whole hillside is dense forest, but on the edge there is a clearing running for about three quarters of a mile, with scattered houses on either side the green way. The houses are not regularly inhabited; the population is a wandering one, the whole place, though strangely fascinating, is lonely and very wild.

When the worthy doctor arrived he inquired first after the children, and found that several of them were down with typhoid fever, fortunately, as it seemed to him, of a mild type. He had almost forgotten the existence of the supposed adult patient when a big lad came to tell him "that the man was took very bad like."

The doctor asked to be taken to his quarters, and was greatly surprised to be told that he had no quarters, and that he could not see him.

"No quarters!" said the doctor. "Why, where does he lodge, and, pray why can't I see him?"

"Well, dy'er see, it's this way," said the tall lad; "many of our folk in the forest they don't lie o' nights in houses; and this chap he was doin' it on the

cheap for his marriage, and so he just took a fox hole and there he be, and there he mun bide, and ye can't get to see him."

"Good heavens!" shouted the doctor; "but I must see him—take me to the place."

The lad accordingly led the way off the main track to where a deep cutting had been made for hauling timber, and there the sand-banks lay high and steep. Looking up he saw what the boy called "fox-holes," but which, in truth, looked much more like the nests made by some gigantic form of sand-martin. Each hole was sufficiently wide to enable a man to creep in on all fours, and was deep enough, he was assured, inside to enable him to stretch himself at full length. Rude beds, indeed, but protected from wind and weather, and warm in the sheltering sand.

"He's in there," said the lad, pointing to one of the largest of the holes, "an' he's very bad; he cries and moans something fearful, but ye can't get in."

"Can't I," said the doctor, and stripping off his coat he prepared to climb the bank.

"It's very narrow," he exclaimed, when his eyes were on a level with the hole, and he could see something like the dark form of a man lying inside; "but I'm only a little one"—and with much care and precaution he crawled over the poor helpless body. When after two or three moments he reappeared his look was very grave.

"We must get him out of this at all costs," he said. "If I had only known of this earlier!"

And so with infinite care and tenderness the sick man was pulled out of his strange resting place, feet first, and carried on a sort of leafy stretcher to the nearest house where the good doctor could find a comfortable bed.

"Who is it?" asked he, when he had lain the fever-tossed limbs between the cool sheets.

"Zaph Hahnaker," was the reply. "He wanted to make a good thing this bout, an' he wouldn't pay for no lodgin'. There's a many o' the young fellows travellin' in the woods does the

like, an' they never come to no harm."

But poor Asaph never rallied, in spite of all the care and nursing of the doctor. Some hours he lingered, moaning constantly, and muttering of his marriage, of Mercy, and his mother. At last, on the following day, when the cold March sun was setting behind the hill, he raised himself in bed and whistled. Those about him drew back in dismay. "Coming, mother," he said, and so with a smile he died.

They made a litter and covered it with fern and laid the brave young fellow upon it, and loyal comrades bore him home, past the homestead on the hill, up the rugged path, to the Crow's Nest, where his mother awaited him.

Mrs. Hahnaker lived to be an old, old woman, and she has told me many times that it was no news to her when poor Mercy came to break the sad tidings to her.

"I was sitting by the window," said she, "mendin' o' his clothes, an' I heard our whistle. I went out an' I looked around an' I could see naught, nor hear naught; an' then it came to me," she would say in a low, awe-struck voice, "as it was his father whistlin'. I thought it must be for me, but it was him he wanted, an' I think it can't be very long now before he calls me, too."

From Longman's Magazine.
MARY LEPEL, LADY HERVEY.

We have it on record that a celebrated whip of fiction, Mr. Tony Weller—taught in the hard school of experience—solemnly advised his son Samuel never to marry a widow. But it is, perhaps, not so well known that another eminent (and not fictitious) "handler of the ribbons" entertained as inveterate an objection to a less insidious branch of the Beautiful Sex. The coachman at that "pouting-place of princes," Leicester House, not only enjoined his heir never to take to wife a maid of honor, but, emphasizing that injunction by a substantial money

penalty, lent to it all the peculiar and melancholy interest attaching to a death-bed wish. Upon condition that the young man complied with his desires, he bequeathed him a sum of three hundred pounds. This careful forethought in face of an obviously remote contingency seems to argue an unreasonable prejudice on the old gentleman's part against the ladies he had been privileged to drive. That, in so far as history affords information, the maids of honor under Anne and the first two Georges were fully entitled to the epithet "gamesome," which Tennyson gives to the charming heroine of the "Talking Oak," may, perhaps, be admitted, and even expected. Well born, good looking, and high spirited, they were condemned to a life in which yawning and wearisome etiquette must have predominated, and it may be conceived that, in their hours of ease, they were likely to be especially "aggravating" to the long-suffering charioteer whose duty it was to carry them hither and thither, cheapening brocades and watered tabbies like Steele's "silkworm," or travelling on a circuit of interminable "How-dees." When they were not hunting, or eating the perpetual Westphalia ham which Pope has included among their crosses, they probably enjoyed what, in that vulgar speech of which Lord Chesterfield deplored the use, is now known as "an uncommonly good time." Clever poets, like Gay and Prior, wrote them verses as gallantly turned and as metrically impudent as any "couplets" contrived under Louis the Magnificent; wits like Chesterfield and Pulteney treated them to elaborate persiflage and mock-heroic adulation; grave humorists, like Arbuthnot and Swift, not only drew up mocking "proposals" to publish their biographies (by subscription), but also undertook to prove that they made the best wives—which, as a general proposition, was probably a specimen of that form of rhetoric described by the excellent Mrs. Slip-slop as "ironing." But, if some of them were frivolous and some were frail, there were also some, especially

in the principship of the second George, who, besides being lively and attractive, were also accomplished and sensible, and who, as a matter of fact, did develop into excellent helpmates. Such, for example, was that bonny, good-humored Mary Bellenden, "fair and soft as down," who ultimately became Duchess of Argyll; such, again, the "beautiful Molly Lepel," who forms the subject of this paper. Others have written of this lady; and she has been praised by Thackeray. But about her later life not very much has been said, and the few new facts contained in the recently published "Diary" and "Letter Books of the First Earl of Bristol" seem to warrant some fresh attempt to revive the memory of one who has been described upon good authority as "the perfect model of a finely-polished and highly-bred woman of fashion." This of itself would, perhaps, be scarcely a sufficient reason for a new study. But Lady Hervey, like Mrs. Primrose's wedding-gown, was not merely conspicuous for a "glossy surface." She had also other qualities of a more lasting and commendable character.

A certain enjoyment and vivacity of manner, coupled with a habit of speaking playfully of France as her native country, seem to have led to the tradition that Miss Lepel was of French extraction. Following this clue, the indefatigable Mr. Croker, discovering that the Lepelles or Le Pelleys were lords of Sark, made the suggestion that she must have belonged to this family; and what Mr. Croker stated as a plausible conjecture was, of course, immediately converted into an established fact. But, even in the very correspondence he was annotating, Lady Hervey says expressly that the Sark Le Pelleys were no relations of hers, and the Rev. S. H. A. Hervey, who edited the Bristol papers, has satisfied himself that she was right. After much investigation he came to the conclusion that her father, Nicholas Wedig Lepel, page in 1684 to Prince George of Denmark (husband of the

Princess Anne), and afterwards an officer in the English army, was not of French, but of Danish or North German descent. In August, 1698, Mr. Lepel married Miss Mary Brooke, daughter and sole heiress of John Brooke, of Rendlesham, in Suffolk, deceased, who brought him a dowry of 20,000!. His daughter was born in September, 1700, and nine years after he was made a brigadier-general, which is almost all we know of Nicholas Lepel. But, according to the Duchess of Marlborough, he was lucky enough to obtain for his daughter, even from her birth, the rank, or rather the pay, of a cornet of horse, which pay, according to the same not unimpeachable authority, Miss Lepel continued to draw until the absurdity of a maid of honor figuring as a gentleman of the army became too manifest to be maintained. Whether this be true or not—and the pen of Sarah Jennings is not precisely that of a recording angel—it is clear that she must have become a maid of honor at the earliest possible age. And it is equally clear that, though the records of her service in this capacity are of the scantiest, she was a popular favorite from the beginning. "Tell dear Molly I love her like anything," writes to Mrs. Howard in 1716 the widow of that Lord Mohun who murdered Duke Hamilton. Another glimpse of her is contained in a letter from Pope to Teresa and Martha Blount in the following year. (Mr. Carruthers is uncharitable enough to suggest that it was inserted with the special intention of making his correspondents jealous.) After telling them that Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel had, "contrary to the laws against harboring Papists," entertained him at Hampton Court, he goes on, "I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you Mrs. Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King [George I.], who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under

the garden wall."¹ The bard of Twickenham was not the only poet who took pleasure in the society of these girlish beauties. They were subscribers to Prior's great volume of 1718, and Gay must also have been among the intimates, for a year later he, too, sends to Mrs. Howard (who was bedchamber woman) his love to both, in addition to which he joins their names in his "Damon and Cupid." "So well I'm known at court"—says his modish Georgian deity—

None ask where Cupid dwells;
But readily resort
To Bellenden's or Lepel's.

In that dancing "Welcome to Alexander Pope on His Return from Troy," however, he speaks of the latter lady with more poetry and greater felicity. He couples her with "Hervey, fair of face," as "Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel."

This conjunction in Gay's verses seems to imply that Mr. Hervey's name was already linked to Miss Lepel's in the minds of those who knew them, and not without reason. Early in 1720—the year of that completion of the "Iliad" which prompted Gay's poem—the lady had been ill, for in March Pope tells Broome that he had been constantly engaged in attending her during her convalescence at Twickenham. Of the nature of this indisposition he says nothing; but in the following month she was married privately to Lord Bristol's second son, the John Hervey above referred to. Hitherto, the date of this occurrence has been more or less matter of guess-work, but the publication of her father-in-law's diary removes all ground for uncertainty. Under date of April 21, 1720, is the following entry by the earl: "Thursday, my dear and hopeful son, Mr. John Hervey, was married to Mrs. Mary Le Pell." The marriage was not

at first avowed. "I met Madam Lepell coming into town last night," writes Mrs. Bradshaw to Mrs. Howard on August 21 following. "She is a pretty thing, though she never comes to see me, for which I will use her like a dog," a passage that—besides supplying in its last words unexpected confirmation of the accuracy of Swift's "Polite Conversation"—shows clearly that at this time the facts were still unknown to many friends. The suggested reason for secrecy is that Mrs. Bellenden had also contracted a clandestine alliance with Colonel Campbell, and that the two couples had "for mutual support agreed to brave the storm together"—the storm anticipated being apparently the royal anger. In Miss Lepel's case, at all events, it cannot have been parental. "My son," writes Lord Bristol, "has shown ye nicest skill in choosing you, since in you alone he could securely promise himself not only every quality essential to his own happiness, but has also made a wise provision to intake good sense and virtue (its constant concomitant) on our (now) flourishing family." The date of this letter is May 20, but from an editorial note it appears that the marriage was not publicly announced until October 25, or five months later. How it was received by the court does not transpire. But as it involved the resignation of the two brides, it effectually broke up the little coterie at Hampton, and put an end forever to those pastoral delights of frizelization, flirtation, and dangleation, which, in a letter addressed years afterwards to Mrs. Howard, Lady Hervey includes among the unforgettable diversions of Wren's formal palace by the Thames.

Lord Bristol, who, from his courteous and very copious correspondence, must have been not only an accomplished and a scholarly, but a singularly amiable and affectionate man, appears from the first to have appreciated his son's wife. In the letter quoted he hopes that the newly-married pair will prolong his "declining daies" (he was then fifty-five, and he lived to be eighty-two) by residing

¹ It is impossible to quote Pope's letters with perfect confidence. This anecdote has been accepted as historical, and probably is so. But it is only right to state that a year later it reappears, rookery and all, but without Miss Lepel and the vice-chamberlain, in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

with him. His letters to his "dear daughter" are always couched in the most cordial terms, and it is evident that Lady Hervey became genuinely attached to him. But as regards her husband, one has certainly to fortify oneself by the recollection of Horace and his *sic visum Veneri*. Everything that one hears of the brilliant and cynical John Hervey, with his "coffin-face" and his painted cheeks, his valitudinarian, uncanny beauty, and his notorious depravity of life, makes it difficult to understand what particular qualities in him, apart from opportunity and proximity, could have attracted the affection of a young and beautiful woman, who was, besides, far in advance of her contemporaries in parts and in education. Yet it must be remembered that at this date John Hervey was only four-and-twenty; that it was not until four years later that Pope began to attack him as "Lord Fanny," and that the same poet's portrait of "Sporus"—a passage of matchless malignity—is fifteen years later still. His health, too, was not yet broken; and it is probable that at this date he exercised to the full that extraordinary gift of fascination which captivated Queen Caroline and Lady Mary, made of his father his blind and doting admirer, and secured the love and respect of a wife, to whom in point of fidelity he was by no means a pattern husband. Perhaps in later years of marriage the respect was stronger than the love. But of the early days of courtship this could not be said. More than a twelvemonth after marriage—according to Lady Mary—the billing and cooing of the pair still continued with such unabated vigor as to oblige that austere onlooker to take flight for Twickenham. But, as Lady Mary candidly says, her own talents did not lie in this direction, and she is scarcely an unprejudiced observer.

For nearly twenty years we practically lose sight of Mr. Hervey's wife. As has already been said, her maid-of-honorship came to an end with her marriage, and for a long time she was

rarely at court, although her husband, in his capacity as lord chamberlain, was almost continually in attendance on the queen. It is probable that she was frequently at Ickworth; and Lord Bristol's diary for several years continues to record methodically the births of sons and daughters, with the names of the illustrious sponsors who, in each instance, "answered for them." In November, 1723, Carr, Lord Hervey, died at Bath, and Mr. Hervey became Lord Hervey. Five years later he went abroad for his health, remaining absent for more than a year, during which time his wife was left behind in her father-in-law's house to mourn his absence, which, from a letter to Mrs. Howard, she seems to have done very genuinely. It is, indeed, chiefly from the Suffolk correspondence that we gain our information about her at this time. Some of her letters are written in a spirit of levity which does not always show her at her best, although she is uniformly amiable and lively. From one of these epistles we get the oft-quoted picture of Swift's "Mordanto"—Lord Peterborough—strolling about Bath in boots, in spite of Nash and the proprieties, cheapening a chicken and cabbage in all the splendors of his blue ribbon and star, and then sauntering away unconcernedly to his lodgings with his marketings under his arm. In another letter from Ickworth we find a reference to Arbuthnot, whom Lady Hervey trusts may not at Tunbridge either lose his money at quadrille or over-indulge in his favorite John Dory—a taste which he shared with Quin and Fielding. Here and there one detects traces of her love for reading, although her correspondents are not bookish. There are also pleasant and affectionate references to her children. But with her mother-in-law, Lady Bristol, if we are to believe certain references in the Suffolk correspondence, she does not seem to have been always on cordial terms. "Pray," she says to Mrs. Howard, "when you are so kind as to write to me, get sometimes one body, sometimes another, to direct your letters;

for curiosity being one of the reigning passions in a certain person" [obviously, from the context, Lady Bristol], "I love prodigiously both to excite and to baffle it."

From this utterance and other passages it is clear that Lady Hervey's relations with Lady Bristol were at times considerably strained, and, indeed, if contemporary gossip is to be trusted, the antagonism of the two ladies occasionally ripened into actual warfare. But there were also apparently peaceful interspaces, and Lady Suffolk is informed, as an item of extraordinary "news out of the country," that for a whole fortnight Lady Bristol has been all civility and kindness. "I am become first favorite," writes Lady Hervey. "It would puzzle a poet to find anything soft, kind, and sweet enough to liken her to it—down, turtle-doves, and honey are faint images of her disposition." But this can only have been a "Martin's summer" of the elder lady's good-will, for a letter two years later contains a most sarcastic picture of her infirmities, both physical and mental. Probably in this quarrel—to quote Sir Roger de Coverley—there was much to be said on both sides. Lady Hervey was too clever a woman not to see and accentuate Lady Bristol's weak points, and she had considerable gifts as an observer when her antipathies were excited. On the other hand, Lady Bristol was by no means deficient in ability. She was both witty and vivacious, and her inordinate letters to her lord during her absences at Bath and at court (she was a lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess Caroline), If, as her editor admits, scarcely literary, are at all events easy and natural. They are extravagant in their expressions of affection, and those of Lord Bristol are equally so. But the pair were a curious contrast in many respects. She was a courtier, he was a country gentleman; he delighted in domesticity and fresh air, she in Bath and the racket of the ill-ventilated Pump Room; she gambled freely, he had forsaken cards. To these peculi-

arities on the lady's part may be added a passion for dosing herself with rhubarb on the slightest provocation; a temper as sensitive as a barometer; and a gift of tears which equalled that of Loyola. Yet to the end the letters of this apparently ill-matched husband and wife are those of newly-married persons, and they occupy two quarto volumes.

In May, 1741, Lady Bristol died suddenly "of a fitt which seized her as she was taking the air in her Sedan in St. James's Parke," the Sedan in question being, as her editor suggests, possibly that very specimen which stands in the entrance-hall of No. 6 St. James's Square, a house which Lady Hervey must often have visited during her father-in-law's tenancy of it.¹ With this event Lord Bristol's letters to his "ever new Delight" naturally ceased, and he does not seem to have lamented his loss with the same "terrific length and vehemence" of epistolary regret which, in the case of his first wife, had provoked the rebukes of his father. Two years later he suffered a fresh bereavement in the death of Lord Hervey when Lady Hervey became a widow. Both by his wife and his father Lord Hervey was sincerely mourned. But Lady Hervey refrained from verifying the old saying that short widowhoods follow happy matches, since, although still, to quote her husband's couplet to Lady Mary,

—in the noon of life—those golden days
When the mind ripens, ere the form decays,

she never again entered the married state. At Lord Hervey's death her eldest son, George, who was twenty, had become a soldier, not entirely with the approval of his grandfather, who hated standing armies. Lepel, her eldest daughter—"a fine black girl," Horace Walpole calls her—was already married to Mr. Constantine Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, while her second son, Augustus, later one of the two husbands of the

¹ It still belongs to the Bristol family, but was rebuilt in 1819-22.

notorious Miss Elizabeth Chudleigh, was already a midshipman in the navy. After Augustus came another daughter, Mary, a girl of eighteen, and then two little boys—Frederick, who lived to be Bishop of Derry, and William, a general in the army. These last two were under the charge of a country clergyman, the Rev. Edward Morris; and it is to Lady Hervey's prolonged correspondence with this gentleman, which extends from September, 1742, to a month or two before her death, that we are mainly indebted for our further knowledge of her life. These letters were published in 1821, with a brief memoir and notes by Mr. Croker. Subsequent to Lord Bristol's death, in 1751, they are dated from different places, but up to that time the majority went out from the Suffolk family seat at Ickworth.

Ickworth, or Ickworth Hall, where Lord Hervey died, was not the ancestral home of the Herveys, which, from various reasons, had been allowed to fall into decay. It was a farmhouse in the vicinity, to which in April, 1702, Lord Bristol (then plain John Hervey) had brought his second wife, pending the construction of a better building. But the arrival of a large second family made architectural improvements impossible, and the gradually transformed and extended farmhouse became the "sweet Ickworth" to which Lady Hervey's father-in-law refers so often in his diary. From the copy of an old oil painting prefixed to the volume containing this record, it seems to have been a straggling and battlemented building, standing in a well-wooded park, and having that profusion of chimneys which is popularly supposed to indicate hospitality and good housekeeping. To the left, facing the spectator, is a garden with a sundial, perhaps the very enclosure which Lady Hervey describes to Mr. Morris as containing such a show of flowers and sweet shrubs, and to which her care had attracted so numerous a colony of birds. Here also she no doubt planted the rosary mentioned in another letter,

which included "all the sorts of roses there are"—apparently, in 1747, a collection of no more than fifty. Her life at Ickworth must have been a thoroughly peaceful one, and, when she was not occupied in her correspondence with her friends and children, absorbed almost wholly by reading, gardening, riding, or nursing Lord Bristol, whose infirmities (he was now over seventy) had greatly increased with age. Such glimpses as we get of him exhibit a most affectionate and polite old gentleman, much attached to his home and family, but sadly preoccupied with dismal forebodings as to the inevitable ruin of his country. Lady Hervey, who frequently acted as his amanuensis, was evidently very fond of him, but her distaste for the perpetual Jeremiads, "which she sometimes hisses and sometimes parodies," peeps out repeatedly in her letters. "When I remind Lord Bristol how long it is since he bespoke my tears for my ruined country, he shakes his head and says, 'Ay, madam! but it is nearer and nearer, and must happen at last,'" therefore, according to his method, one should begin to weep for one's children as soon as they are born; for they must die at last and every day brings them nearer to it. Let his lordship be a disciple of Heraclitus; I prefer Democritus, and should be glad to have you of the same sect. *Ride si sapi.*"

Speaking in one of his minor poems of Woolston, Swift says:—

Those Maids of Honor who can read
Are taught to use him for their creed.

Here is a quondam maid of honor who can not only read, but quote the ancients at large. Lady Hervey (as Lord Chesterfield said) "understood Latin perfectly well," and her letters to Mr. Morris are freely sprinkled with citations from Horace and Tully (which Mr. Croker obligingly translates). Often they are exceedingly appropriate, as when presently she applies to Lord Bristol the "Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est" of Seneca. In the lines

that precede she gives her own cheerful philosophy of life. "I cannot," she says, speaking of politics, "like some people, pass the whole day in sighing, fretting, or scolding about them; I have but a little more time in this world, and I choose rather to follow Anacreon's advice, and

Of a short life the best to make
And manage wisely the last stake.

The same feeling comes out in her first letter, apropos of Young's then recently published "Night Thoughts." They are excellent, no doubt, but she does not intend to read them again. "I do not like to look on the dark side of life, and shall always be thankful to those who turn the bright side of that lantern to me." It was a similar attitude of mind which predisposed her towards France and things French, where she found that perpetual sunlight and good humor which constituted her fitting environment. "Here," she says later, of Paris, "are coteries to suit one in every humor (except a melancholy one); and in the same letter she praises a theological discussion as having been conducted with warmth enough for spirit, and not heat enough for ill-temper. In her own religious opinions she evidently inclined to the *esprits forts*, and she had naturally been much influenced by the opinions of Lord Hervey and the free-thinking writers in vogue at the court of the Princess of Wales. Mr. Croker sighs a little over her unorthodox but intelligible partiality for Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose "Life of Cicero" had not only been dedicated to her husband, but even purged by his editorial pen from many of those "low and collegiate phrases," of which, with Lord Chesterfield, Lady Hervey had a horror. But her good sense and good taste alike recoiled from the senseless political parodies of the Liturgy which were current *circa* 1743, and which even Walpole so far forgot himself as to imitate in his "Lessons for the Day."

Plain sense and an eminently practical intelligence are conspicuous features of these epistles, and not alone in

the comments upon the retention of the Hanoverian troops, and upon the other political complications which wrung the withers of Lord Bristol. In that earthquake mania of 1750 which Mr. Croker describes as "unusually rabid and contagious" Lady Hervey seems to have kept her head, as she also did in that other minor madness which agitated so many people four years later, the case of Elizabeth Canning. She regarded it, and rightly, "as, on her [Canning's] part, one of the silliest, worse formed, improbable stories she ever met"—which is very much the modern verdict. In her literary leaning there is the same bias to the concrete and useful. Unlike the friend of her youth, Lady Mary, she wholly eschewed the old romances of Scudéry and the rest, and even swelled her Index Expugatorius by classing with them political Utopias like the "Oceana" of Harrington. Of "Tristram Shandy," in common with Goldsmith, Walpole, and other of her contemporaries, she could make nothing. To her it seemed but a "tiresome unsuccessful attempt at humor," only relieved by the excellent sermon of Mr. Yorick, which read like the work of another author. On the other hand, she studies attentively such works as Bolingbroke's "Letters on History," Swift's "Battle of the Books," Berkeley's "Tar Water," Rousseau's "Emile," Montesquieu, Davila, and the Cardinal de Retz—the last of whom she calls her favorite author (she had read him six or seven times), devoting, indeed, more of her time to commentaries on his "Memoirs" than her editor thinks desirable, since there are large excisions at this stage of her correspondence. It is apropos of one of the cardinal's heroes, the Prince of Condé, that she digresses into the following excursus on good humor and good nature, which is a fair specimen of her style in this way. "As I take it" (she says), "good nature is a quality of the soul, good temper of the body: the one always feels for everybody, the other frequently feels for nobody. Good tempers are often soured by ill-

ness or disappointments, good nature can be altered by neither: one would choose the one in a companion, the other in a friend. I judge good nature to be the effect of tenderness, and good temper to be the consequence of ease and cheerfulness: the first exerts itself in acts of compassion and beneficence, the other shows itself in equality of humor and compliance."

In "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son" a long paragraph is devoted to Lady Hervey, to whom he gives young Stanhope an introduction. The date of the letter is October 22, 1750, at which time she was in Paris, where, indeed, she seems to have resided until the close of the following year. His lordship's admiration of his old friend is unbounded. "She has been bred all her life at courts," he says, "of which she has acquired all the easy good-breeding, and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have; and more than any woman need have; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it." [Lord Chesterfield had obviously not seen her correspondence with Mr. Morris, where it is rather en évidence.] "No woman," (he goes on) "ever had more than she has, le ton de la parfaite bonne campagne, les manières engageantes, et le je ne sais quoi qui plait," and he bids his awkward offspring consult her in everything pertaining to good manners. "In such a case she will not put you out of countenance, by telling you of it in company; but either intimate it by some sign, or wait for an opportunity when you are alone together." She will not only introduce him, says his lordship, but ("if one may use so low a word") she will *puff* him, as she lives in the *beau monde*. Of this, unhappily, her letters to Mr. Morris of Nutshalling afford no traces. But she was evidently acquainted with many of the personages who figure in Walpole's later letters from the French capital. Her chief friend was Mademoiselle de Charolais, a princess of the blood, with whom she lived much, and she went frequently to the Prince de

Conti's charming seat at L'Isle Adam, in the valley of Montmorenci. Another intimate was that Duchess d'Aiguillon whose singular fancy led her to translate and recite the "Eloisa to Abelard" of Pope and the "Solomon" of Prior. In the summer of 1751 Lady Hervey was ill, and, like Walpole, testifies to the extreme kindness and solicitude of her French friends, who overpowered her with delicate attentions in the shape of light quilts, couches, easy-chairs, "little chickens out of the country," and "new-laid eggs warm from the hen," all of which things naturally heighten her "reluctance to quit this delightful place [Paris], and most agreeable people." But the only approach to a portrait which she draws for her correspondent is the following pen-sketch of the now venerable Cydias of La Bruyère—the author of the "Pluralité des Mondes." "I dine sometimes" (she says) "with a set of *beaux esprits*, among which old Fontenelle presides. He has no mark of age but wrinkles, and a degree of deafness; but when, by sitting near him, you make him hear you, he never fails to understand you, and always answers with that liveliness, and a sort of prettiness, peculiar to himself. He often repeats and applies his own and other people's poetry very agreeably; but only occasionally, as it is proper and applicable to the subject. He has still a great deal of gallantry in his turn and in his discourse. He is ninety-two, and has the cheerfulness, liveliness and even the taste and appetite of twenty-two." He was two years older than Lady Hervey thought; but he had still six years to live before, in January, 1757, he experienced that final difficulté d'être to which his death-bed words referred.

As far as one can judge from the dates of Lady Hervey's letters, it must have been during her absence in Paris at this period that she lost her father-in-law, who departed this world on January 20, 1751, in his eighty-sixth year. His last communication to her is filled with paternal concern lest her then recent indisposition should have

been promoted by the late hours and good cookery of Paris; and, from the one that immediately preceded it, it seems that forebodings of her impending departure had for the time been distracting him from the misfortunes of his country, since he refers to France as "a corriwal" which "hath now prov'd to have had that superior ascendant long apprehended by, Madam, your Ladyship's disconsolate, faithfull friend and servant, Bristol." Some years previous to his death, and partly in anticipation of the severance from her Suffolk home which that event would involve, Lady Hervey had been rebuilding her London house in St. James's Place, her architect being Henry Flitcroft, the "Burlington Harry" to whom we owe Hampstead Church and St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. Her letters contain frequent references to the progress of this enterprise, and to the prolonged familiarity with compasses, rulers, Greystock bricks, cornices, fascias, copings, and so forth, which her minute supervision of the subject entailed. Besides making it comfortable, her object was to render it as countrified as possible, so as to compensate her, as far as might be, for the loss of the bird-haunted lawns and leafy shrubberies of Ickworth; and as its five windows in a row looked uninterruptedly over the Green Park towards Chelsea (not far from the spot where in 1730 her husband had fought his duel with Pulteney), her desire in this respect was doubtless gratified. The house, which stood between Spencer House and that of Sir John Cope (of Preston Pans), is still in existence, though at a later period it was divided into two. At St. James's Place Lady Hervey resided when she was in town, and here she entertained her particular friends with delightful little dinners, cooked and served à la Française, where the guests would be wits like Walpole or Chesterfield, and philosophers like Hume (who sends her from Edinburgh his account of his quarrel with Rousseau), or M. Helvetius from Paris, whose treatise, "De l'Esprit," is, with Voltaire "Sur la Tolérance,"

among the latest literary novelties which her ladyship reports to Mr. Morris. Lord March, afterwards "Old Q," who was also a favorite visitor at the Hôtel de Milady, as he calls it, writes enthusiastically to Selwyn of these charming gatherings. Another of the habitués was Pulteney, both before and after the period when, in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, he "shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom." A passage or two from Lady Hervey's letters at the period of his death in July, 1764, serve to complete and confirm Lord Chesterfield's by no means flattering portrait of their common friend, whose brilliant social gifts seem never to have blinded even his chosen associates to his essentially selfish and sordid character: "He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good-humored man; but I, that have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he did not see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see." "He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always, with reason, despised, and a great deal to a man he once liked, but had lately great reason to think ill of. I am sorry he is dead; he was agreeable and entertaining; and whenever I was well enough to go down-stairs, and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that; one must take people as they are."

Lord Bath died at eighty-two, and when this letter was written Lady Hervey was sixty-four. She returned to France several times after her first visit, and made excursions into Scotland and its "frightfully dirty" capital. But in later years, as hereditary gout grew upon her, her travels became restricted to such distances as would enable a postchaise to bring her home at the first approach of an attack. Her letters to Mr. Morris, whose friend and benefactor she continued to the last, extend to a little before her death, but she doubtless wrote many others to her favorite daughter Lepel; to her

eldest son, the ambassador; and to his brother, the Augustus Hervey who afterwards became an admiral, which, we suspect, must have been even better reading than many of those to her clerical correspondent. To Mr. Morris, of necessity, she shows only the more serious side of her character, although even her communications to him are sufficient to reveal her as a woman of great intellectual capacity, of very superior ability, and of a happy and cheerful habit of mind. To those she loved she was uniformly affectionate and sympathetic, and it is not difficult to believe her assertion that she never lost a friend except by death. She herself died in September, 1768. Walpole, who dedicated to her the first three volumes of his "Anecdotes of Painting," and to whom she left a small remembrance in her will, thus writes her epitaph to Mann: "She is a great loss to several persons; her house was one of the most agreeable in London; and her own friendliness, good breeding, and amiable temper had attached all that knew her. Her sufferings with the gout and rheumatism were terrible, and yet never could affect her patience or divert her attention to her friends." There was a miniature of her at Strawberry Hill: but her best likeness in middle life is a portrait by Allan Ramsay, which also belonged to Walpole, and which Lady Hervey probably gave him in return for his own portrait by the same artist. This latter picture of her, as a pleasant-faced elderly lady, is now in the possession of Viscount Lifford, at Broadway, in Worcestershire.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MORE REFLECTIONS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

WAVERLEY AND THE ILIAD.

We have already remarked in a previous paper¹ that the Waverley Novels were the chosen companions of

our boyhood, and are still the solace and recreation of our middle age. Though we readily admit the truth in matters mundane of the old proverb, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"—that sort of knowledge, we mean, which tempts the parson and perhaps the schoolmaster to dabble in stocks and shares, and our women folk to practise homeopathy and allopathy alternately on their unsuspecting children and other stray patients,—we have shown that there were in bygone days occasions of dire peril when a little timely knowledge of the phraseology of Walter Scott not only stood us in good stead, but saved the skins of a dozen other trembling urchins. In those early days we reaped no small amount of satisfaction from the reflection that the author whose companionship we so dearly enjoyed met with kindly recognition from the power that ruled our destiny, and even had it in our mind that if we were detected in the act of studying "Ivanhoe" when we ought to have been grappling with our Homeric Lexicon, we should try the experiment of appealing unto Caesar, and plead that the warden himself admitted the existence of a remarkable affinity between the Waverley Novels and the "Iliad." In view of the dire penalties that were attached to novel-reading in school-hours, it was probably as well for us that we were never caught in *flagrante delicto*; but perhaps the consciousness that we were pursuing knowledge under dangers as well as difficulties rendered the pursuit more entrancing at the time, and gave us a more lasting affection for Walter Scott, as being, so to speak, our accomplice in iniquity.

But at the same time we were tempted to listen more attentively than our classmates, most of whom knew about as much of Scott's novels and poems as they did of the Koran, to the parallels drawn by our instructor between the "Iliad" and the Waverley Novels, and we have a distinct recollection of being told on one occasion that we had saved the honor—so he called it, though it really was the seat of honor—of the class by being able to repeat one

¹ LIVING AGE No. 2719, p. 426.

week the *ipsissima verba* that he had uttered in the preceding lesson. Fair things were prophesied of our future, and a dole of small coins rewarded us at the moment; but, lest we should be unduly exalted by present success, the donation was accompanied by an ominous warning for the future: "But I'll flog 'ee soundly, my boy, if I hear of 'ee talking in the dormitory."

We did not at the time see the exact connection between the two ideas, and we still regard it as a mere freak of erratic genius not uncommon in our revered preceptor; but possibly it occurred to him that, like most other boys, we should be all the better for an occasional flogging, or possibly it repented him that we had spoilt sport, and that retributive justice had by a very trivial incident been deprived of sundry legitimate victims. The money was soon spent and the warning forgotten; but we still feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the highly gifted, though, alas! not very worldly wise man who first instilled into our mind the idea that the Greek bard—for we absolutely decline to doubt the individuality of Homer—and the Wizard of the North should be studied side by side.

With boys at any rate the most popular of Scott's novels are the tales of the Crusaders. The Trojan war was the earliest crusade, or at least the counter-part of a crusade, and the first gathering of a European force to attack the shores of Asia. If in examining the immediate cause of the Crusades we do not at once make it our business to look for the woman, it is certain that the sin of mother Eve when she ate the "apple of Discord" in the garden of Eden was the ultimate cause not only of the Crusades, but of every war that has been waged since the world began. Nor, on the other hand, need we suppose that the recovery of that very fickle, if very beautiful, young woman Helen was the one and only object of the Greek expedition to Troy. The national honor of Greece had been attacked; an insolent Oriental adventurer had carried off a Greek lady; the sacred rites of hospitality had been violated,

the majesty of Zeus Xenios outraged. Nestor of Pylos and one Palamedes, like Peter the Hermit in later days, preach a *Jehad* or sacred war, and each Greek hero is summoned to take up arms and join in avenging the national disgrace, on pain of being held "nidering or man-sworn." Here and again some chieftain, either gifted with rather more common sense than his neighbors, or perhaps actuated by the same self-seeking spirit that kept men like our own William Rufus or John of Anjou at home while their elder brothers went to the wars, casts about for an excuse for evading the summons. But exceptions are few and far between, and public feeling is well-nigh as unanimous as that of the assemblage at Clermont; the young bloods of Greece are burning to wet their spears, and older men whose days of romance should be over are carried away by the general wave of enthusiasm; the hunt is up, the game is afoot, and the Trojan ravisher must be tracked to his lair.

Again, the attack on Torquilstone, though on a smaller scale, reminds us of the siege of Troy. True that the one drags on for a weary ten years, and the other is begun and ended in the short space of a summer day. Still many of the prominent features are present in each case. The honor of a noble lady is in peril—the Saxon Princess Rowena, the Queen of Beauty, hardly less fair, so the novelist portrays her, than the Greek Helen, has been abducted by a licentious foreigner; as the Greeks without Achilles, so the avenging outlaws without the Black Knight's "good heart and mighty arm" will fall altogether in their enterprise. Cedric and Locksley, Diomed and Ajax, are lusty and valiant auxiliaries but it is the death of Front de Boeuf at the hands of the Black Knight that seals the fate of Torquilstone, just as the death of Hector involves the fall of Troy. There is the same talk of compromise, the same offer to raise the siege if matters are restored to the *status quo ante*, the same corresponding suggestion of a partial restitution. Ulrica, the paramour of Front de Boeuf, plays the part of double

traitress within the walls of Torquillstone, as Helen the paramour of Paris had proved herself double traitress in the citadel of Troy. Nor, finally, can it be pretended that the Greeks who attacked Troy, though they were, like Locksley's merry men, in the right on the one particular occasion, were habitually much more honest than were the majority of the assailants of Torquillstone.

To go more into detail, the Black Knight, like Achilles, combined the accomplishments of the minstrel with the prowess of the warrior; and the Myrmidons whom the son of Thetis led to Troy, followers "fierce as ravening wolves," yet men to whom their leader's word is law, resemble in essential points the Free Companions of De Bracy. The picture of Thetis rising on the sea, "like as it were a mist," is held to have suggested the White Lady of Avenel; Norna of the Fitful Head at one moment recalls the image of Cassandra, at another tempts us to suppose that she was a latter-day priestess of Apollo. Arthur de Vere, in "Anne of Gelerstein," not only bends the bow—not indeed of Ulysses, but of some bygone English Paladin—but even shoots at the same mark as the Greek archers shot at in the games before Troy, and reproduces the feats of Teucer and Meriones. As Valor and Subtlety, represented by Diomed and Ulysses, successfully accomplish their perilous journey into the heart of the Trojan camp, so Valor and Folly—a Folly, be it remarked, so closely akin to Subtlety that we really have to take Wamba's own word for it that he was a fool rather than a very clever fellow—accomplish a Journey well-nigh as perilous through the recesses of a forest beset by enemies. The Greek man-at-arms, as compared with the chieftain, is so insignificant an individual that neither Homer nor any of his heroes seems to recognize his existence; so Brian de Bois-Guilbert mentions incidentally that he has slain with his own hand no less than three hundred Saracens; and the wandering Richard professes that he will call for no aid against a score of rascaille

"whom one good knight would drive before him as the wind drives the withered leaves."

The position held by Agamemnon as generalissimo of the Achæan host is analogous to that occupied by Godfrey de Bouillon in the first crusade, if perhaps more clearly defined than that of Richard in the "Talisman," where the latter, only "from respect to his high renown and great feats of arms," is allowed to assume a "precedence which, elsewhere and upon other motives, would not have been yielded." For chiefs like Diomed and Ajax owe no allegiance to the King of Men apart from the obedience due to the recognized head of a joint expedition. All important matters are referred by Agamemnon to the Council of Chiefs, much in the same way as the titular leaders of the Crusades take no final step without the authority of the "Princes of the Holy Crusade."

Or, again, we may compare the relations existing between Agamemnon and the other Greek heroes with those of a Plantagenet king and his great barons. Agamemnon himself is in many ways extremely like a Plantagenet, more particularly a Plantagenet of the type of Richard I., or—to go further afield—the fourth Edward as we see him in "The Last of the Barons." There is the same commanding presence, the same imperious and capricious temper, the same fatal tendency to mar the consummation of cherished schemes by hasty and ill-considered action, to postpone the common weal to personal gratification, and to allow the passions of the man to sully the dignity of the king. Like Richard, Agamemnon on at least one critical occasion allows insensate rage, or an overweening sense of the royal prerogative, to blind his better judgment; like Edward of York, he "aredes well in the hour of adversity" the powerful chief whose assistance he has affected to despise. Is it heresy to say that, like Edward of York, the King of Men is a sorry type of conjugal fidelity? Putting his doubtful relations with Cassandra out of the question, we can find some excuse for Clytemnestra

If any busybody reported to her the remarks made by her lord and master anent the captive Chryseis:—

To me not less than Clytemnestra dear,
My virgin-wedded wife; nor less adorned
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind.

In Achilles Homer portrays "the very model of a hero, such as heroes could be accounted in times when the softer and nobler qualities of true heroism were unknown." Such a hero, with the addition of those softer and nobler qualities, is the Ivanhoe of Walter Scott. But the same able writer, from whom we have just borrowed the description, goes on to say that Homer gives to Achilles precisely the epithet which was given to the English king who was held to be the flower of chivalry, "Lion-Heart." To our mind there is more of Richard about Achilles than of Ivanhoe, in whose anger when aroused we find no touch of the barbarity that stains the character of either "Lion-Heart." He who would represent the Plantagenet on the stage might study with advantage Horace's summary of the character of Achilles. "Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer," these are epithets which fitly describe the varying moods of the Richard of Walter Scott and the Richard of more serious history. We may remark that Richard as Le Noir Fainéant in the Mélée at Ashby plays very much the part that is assigned to Achilles in the Trojan war, that of a "spectator rather than a party in the tournament," yet of one who proves himself competent to change the fortune of the day so soon as he relinquishes his policy of masterly inactivity. Like Le Noir Fainéant, Achilles wins, though he does not wear, the honors of the day; and though the career of neither warrior is traced to its last end in the poem or the novel, history records that the one, and tradition avers that the other, was killed in a siege by an arrow.

Hector, if not quite such an Admirable Crichton as Achilles, is up to a certain period in many ways to be regarded as the true—as opposed to the model—hero of

the "Iliad," and, *mutatis mutandis*, fit to take rank with any of Scott's favored characters. Indeed he almost seems to realize the panegyric pronounced by Alice Lee on Charles I., "Temperate, wise, and frugal; . . . a worthy gentleman—a kind master—the best friend—the best father," etc., etc. His chivalrous conduct towards his doubtful sister-in-law stamps him as a gentleman of the first water. He may not approve of the relations existing between her and the wretched Paris, but the lady has never heard from his lips "one scornful, one degrading word." We can picture Hector hastening, like Ivanhoe, to succor beauty in distress, caring little whether he is fit to bear arms and keep his horse, or whether the girl whose cause he champions is Jewess or Christian. We can believe that with Quentin Durward he would have given up the all-important prize already in his grasp to repay the sacred rights of hospitality, or with Markham Everard would resign to his supposed rival his interest in the girl he loved rather than be the means of giving her pain; or again, like Damian de Lacy, would be true to the dictates of duty and honor through evil report and good report, though assailed by every conceivable form of temptation.

From the very beginning, and almost to the end of those weary ten years, Hector is fighting on what he knows to be a losing side, buckling what in his heart of hearts he must feel to be a wrongful cause. But, like the Swiss patriots in their death-struggle for independence, he will not be found fainting by the way, and there are times when, owing to his desperate courage and indefatigable energy, the ultimate victors are within measurable distance of defeat. He is the *spes unica Trojae*, an Oriental Hannibal, a Cœur-de-Lion heading a rout of fickle friends and wavering allies, threatening by the prowess of his single arm to change the fortune of the day. Or again he is a Henry Morton, anxious at times for peace, if it be a peace with honor, but setting a brilliant example in war to his half-hearted and grumbling followers.

Like Charles Edward in "Waverley" he will carry the war into the enemies' camp and set fire to the Greek ships; like Charles Edward, his reputation would have stood higher had he fallen as Claverhouse fell in the moment of victory. The one point in Homer's picture of Hector which can in no way commend itself to an English mind is the tendency to utter vaunting speeches and to triumph over his fallen enemies, much, as the editor of "Ancient Classics for English Readers" points out, after the manner of an Indian brave. Habits that we can pardon in the untutored savage seem totally out of keeping with a character like that of the chivalrous Trojan; and though the "boastful tongue" and "merciless spirit" attributed by Homer to his heroes were doubtless in accordance with the spirit of the age of which he wrote, we could have wished that he had assigned at any rate to a gentleman like Hector a little measure of decorous modesty. The prime boaster among Walter Scott's knights is Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who seldom misses an opportunity of vaunting the prowess of the Templars as a body, and of himself as the champion of the order. But Bois-Guilbert lacks so many of the instincts of a gentleman that we hardly like to bring him into comparison with Hector of Troy. More especially do we feel out of charity with Hector when he indulges in his most unnecessary and boastful remarks over the body of the fallen Patroclus. For in very sooth there was little to boast of in the victory. In attacking a wounded and disarmed enemy he had doubtless played the game of war as it was played in the heroic ages, but the least he should have done under the circumstances would have been to hold his tongue. Even Bois-Guilbert, who has little beyond personal courage to recommend him, suggests to his hated rival Ivanhoe that he should "get his wounds healed," and "purvey him a better horse," before they met in their death-struggle at Templestowe. The Grand Master of the Templars regrets that the constant enemy of the order should not be in a

better plight to do battle; he would have him "honorably met with." William of Deloraine would

Give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again.

Dandie Dinmont would dearly like to have a rough-and-tumble with Jock o' Dawston Cleugh, or to meet him in the law courts; but the fight must be man to man and with both at their best; and the lawsuit must be all square and above-board, and no advantage is to be taken of legal quibbles. Roderick Dhu, aggrieved and laboring under a sense of injustice, guides Fitz-James in safety to Coillantogle ford, and there stands before him vantageless

And armed with single brand,

and the Scottish king, in due requirement of the courtesy, would give his fairest earldom to bid Clan-Alpine's chieftain live. Instances of the opposite sentiment are few and far between. It is left for a coward like Lorn to attempt to turn the "rugged halls of Artornish" into "slaughterhouse for shipwrecked guest," and to overmatch by odds his hereditary enemy; for a desperate schemer like Waldemar Fitzurze to indulge in what De Bracy denounces as highway practice, and to use a felon stroke in his assault on the wandering Plantagenet.

In his last fight, where he encounters the avenger Achilles, Hector is so manifestly predoomed to defeat that we can forgive him his temporary panic. Achilles is destined to triumph, not merely as a better man-at-arms, but as the representative of a righteous cause. And in this respect the combat reminds us of the last fatal encounter between Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert. The Eternal Father, so Homer tells us, had "hung his golden scales aloft and placed in each the lots of doom, for great Achilles one, for Hector one," and "down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death." "Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," was Ivanhoe content to fight, commanding the justice of his cause to Providence. And when the unequal contest was over, "This is in-

deed the judgment of God,' said the Grand Master, looking upward. 'Flat voluntas tua.' We would that we could carry the parallel further,—that that *exigeant* power, the spirit of the times, had permitted the Greek hero to treat the dead body of his rival with some semblance of chivalrous forbearance. The arms and body of the Templar were pronounced to be at the will of the conqueror. The Knight of Ivanhoe, true champion of the Cross, will not condemn the body of the dead to shame but only stipulates that his obsequies shall be private, as became those of a man who had died in an unjust quarrel; and Richard, who arrives on the scene thirsting to shed the Templar's blood in fair fight, has nothing worse to say over the cold body of his enemy than "Peace be with him, if it may be so,—he was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full knightly." But Achilles' vengeance is implacable. He had refused to enter upon any compact of honorable burial with Hector living; he assures Hector dying that his mother should never have his corpse to lay out upon the couch, but that dogs and carrion vultures should feast on all his limbs; he foully misuses the body of the dead hero, and even allows the other Greeks who had never dared to face Hector in the field to vent their petty spite upon the senseless clay. We do not know, be it remarked, that the ill-fated Patroclus would have fared much otherwise at Hector's hand if his body had not been rescued by the united efforts of the Greeks; but in any case the account of the proceedings is sufficiently disgusting. Still we doubt whether, had fate ordained that Claverhouse should have met his death in the battle of Drumclog, the Scottish Covenanters, who were little oppressed by any feeling of chivalry, would have shown themselves less barbarous than Achilles; or again, to be equally fair to both parties, whether it would have weighed heavily on Claverhouse's conscience if his "blackguards" had mutilated the bodies of the slain Covenanters. Passions allowed to run riot, whether they take the form of fanat-

icism of honor," or of "dark and sullen superstition," or of implacable vengeance, will alike "shed blood without mercy or remorse," and wax wanton in the hour of victory.

Flitting retribution for his barbarity is meted out to Achilles when he is eventually allowed to fall by the hand of Paris. Death in the siege of Troy he knows to be his doom; but to be killed by Paris gave death a double sting. "I may not choose but yield," said Sir Halbert Glendinning to Roland Avenel, "since I can no longer fight; but it shames me to speak such a word to a coward like thee;" and it must have shamed a man of Achilles' mould to be killed by a coward like Paris. If Achilles was to fall by an arrow at all, we would have preferred a certain man to have drawn a bow at a venture and to have smitten him between the joints of the armor, or even in the vulnerable heel, rather than that a despicable creature like Paris should have thus won the greatest glory in the war; and we think meanly of Apollo for having chosen such an unworthy instrument of his vengeance. For if out of Priam's many sons we find in one, Hector, the hero and blameless knight, we see in another, Paris, at once the gay Lothario and the villain of the piece, who only finds no exact counterpart in the pages of Walter Scott for the simple reason that most of Scott's villains, with all their faults, have the redeeming virtue of personal courage. So far as licentiousness and rapacity go, Paris might indeed have qualified to enter the ranks of the Knights Templar as the latter are described by the novelist, with whom they are clearly no favorites; but even Richard, who has due cause to dislike the order, is fain to admit that "it is pity of their lives that these Templars are not so trusty as they are disciplined and valiant." In point of oppery Paris resembles De Bracy; unlike De Bracy, he is far too cowardly to fight for his lady-love, and we are sufficiently attracted by De Bracy to believe that, though ready enough to abduct a Saxon heiress, fair prey in those rude times for a Norman gallant, he might have

drawn the line at running off with his host's wife and filching his entertainer's property. Nor again can we quite picture De Bracy as either keeping out of the way of hard knocks and dallying with his mistress while fighting on his account was on foot, or shooting at his foes from a safe distance with a bow and arrow. Rather, like Conachar or Eachin, Paris will perhaps strike a blow in an access of sudden passion; like Eachin again, he will be careful to avoid the counter-buff, and like Eachin too, he will see his foster-brothers lay down their lives in his quarrel while he himself remains in the background. But, unlike Eachin, he seems to lack the grace to be ashamed of his own pusillanimity, and the reproaches of Hector, and even of Helen, merely induce him to pose as an aggrieved party or an injured innocent:-

Wring not thus my soul
With keen reproaches; now with Pallas' aid
Hath Menelaus conquered.

The unhappy Eachin, be it noted, never receives from the Fair Maid of Perth the faintest encouragement which might serve to spur his ardor; and if she suspects the existence of the doe-heart in her young admirer, she is too fully occupied in checking the pugnacious instincts of the Gow Chrom to spare a thought or a word on his rival's want of courage. Catherine Seyton, by far the most piquant and attractive of all Scott's heroines, absolutely disclaims the idea of a lover who "could harbor fear or faintness of heart" being in any way acceptable to a woman. But Helen chides, yet condones the fault, the Maid of Perth throws cold water on deeds of daring, and so it comes to pass that Eachin and Paris remain cowards to the end of the chapter.

If, like the fugitive prince in "Woodstock," Paris is no respecter of the laws of hospitality, and sees in every pretty face fair game to pursue, he would, we feel, neither have faced Markham Everard in the duello nor have made the *amende honorable* to the lawful lover and the

lady with the grace and dignity of the hard-visaged Stuart. His cool proposal to keep the lady and restore the stolen goods savors of the principle "what's thine is mine, and what's mine is my own," and reminds us of the willingness shown by the barons at Torquillstone to give up their prey, on the understanding that each member of the gang should keep that particular object, whether pretty Jewess, Saxon heiress, or rich Jew, on which he had set his affections.

But perhaps the character most resembling Paris is Dalgarno in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Either man is unscrupulous and palpably dishonest; both are fair to see and foul to deal with; both run off with better men's wives; both, recreant lovers, leave broken-hearted ladies to mourn their defection; neither of them seems to regard either the good opinion of men or the honor of women.

Before we finally take leave of Paris we may remark that on those rare occasions when Hector's reproaches stir him to action he goes to the fight, armed, we are convinced, though Homer omits to record it, with a personal assurance from his tutelary goddess that he shall come to no scathe in the matter, and that he shall be consoled by Helen's caresses for any temporary inconvenience. When Scott's Hector, Hector MacTurk, has once managed to screw Sir Bingo Binks's courage up to the sticking-point, the dull-witted baronet, in direct antithesis to Paris, is rather aggrieved than otherwise that the duel is not to come off after all, and quite ready to fight with somebody or something. In short, no single character in the Waverley novels is, to borrow Hector's phrase, quite such a counterfeit of manhood as the "godlike Paris."

The Ajax of the "Iliad" may in many respects be regarded as the prototype of Athelstane of Coningsburgh. Both of them are, ordinarily speaking, good-tempered, unintellectual giants, ponderous and chary of speech, but really good fighting men when thoroughly aroused. Not one step backwards will

Ajax budge when things are *in extremis* and he is left to bear almost single-handed the brunt of the Trojan attack upon the Greek ships; the body of Patroclus shall not fall into the hands of the enemy so long as the son of Telamon can wield his spear. So, too, unarmored and helmetless, Athelstane does not hesitate to plunge into the middle of the fray and attempt to rescue the supposed Rowena from the grasp of the Templar. If it is not especially recorded of Ajax that he was either gourmand or epicure like the Saxon prince, we are sufficiently initiated by Homer into the mysteries of the Greek banquet to be sure that the heroes one and all had monstrous fine appetites of their own. For if to an elderly bard a portion that reminds us of Benjamin's mess was deemed a suitable offering in recognition of a stirring lay, we may reasonably infer that a lusty warrior of the Ajax stamp might have swallowed to his own single share the whole of a Karum pie, or have made a mighty hole in the Clerk of Copmanhurst's venison pasty, even if he could not rival the Laird of Bucklaw's appetite and "eat a horse behind the saddle." Even Achilles, a far more refined personage than Ajax, is careful to remind Priam that mental agony must not be allowed to interfere with the enjoyment of the evening meal, and cites the example of Niobe, who

Not abstained from food
When in the house her children lay in death,
Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart sons.

So too, we may remark, the sturdy Cedric, infinitely more abstemious habitually than Athelstane, "showed that if the distresses of his country could banish the recollection of food while the table was uncovered yet no sooner were the victuals placed there than he proved that the appetite of his Saxon ancestors had descended to him along with their other qualities." Having entered into this digression on the subject of eating and drinking, it may not be out of place to note the striking

similarity of the accounts given by Homer and Walter Scott of the preparations for the funeral banquets in the halls of Coningsburgh and the tents of Achilles. Both Greek and Saxon alike considered the funeral banquet as an occasion of general and profuse hospitality, a sort of Irish wake on a gigantic scale; and as we read of the good cheer provided to all comers, and remember Athelstane's weakness in that line, we can partially forgive the novelist for his much-criticised resuscitation of the Saxon prince, who was enabled thereby to realize Wamba's wish, and "banquet at his own funeral."

The Ajax of Sophocles, to follow the hero to his latter end, with his mind unhinged by real or imaginary wrongs, alternately reminds us of Reginald Front de Boeuf and of Charles of Burgundy as he is represented in "Anne of Gelerstein," smarting under his defeat by the Swiss mountaineers; Ajax is a match for either in ferocity when he thinks of his rival Ulysses or the sons of Atreus, who had awarded the prize of valor to the wily Ithacan. Or again he recalls the picture of the Master of Ravenswood as we see him in the last chapter of the "Bride of Lammermoor" when "his dark features, wasted by sorrow and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild a fierce and even savage expression." We feel that Ajax, like Ravenswood, might have hurled Craigengelt down-stairs and bade him seek his master in hell, and that the softer feeling and remnant of better nature which prompted the Greek to speak gently to his son constrain a tear from the ill-fated lover as he takes the broken gold from Lucy Ashton. Probably neither Front de Boeuf nor Charles of Burgundy has found many sympathizers among the students of Walter Scott. But it is different with Edgar Ravenswood, and for once in a way the novelist has brought his hero to a bad end, and refusing to allow the course of true love to run smooth, has plunged an apparently innocent pair of lovers into an abyss of misery and despair.

As to Edgar Ravenswood, so to Ajax we are inclined to extend the meed of sympathy, and to regard him as an unnecessary and innocent victim of cold-blooded persecution. For in the matter of the award of the arms of Achilles, on Homer's own showing in the "Iliad," there was, if the arms were to be given to the bravest, only one other possible competitor. Had Diomed been the recipient of the prize, there would have been less excuse for grumbling at the decision of the judges. But on what possible grounds can the Ulysses of the "Iliad" be considered as a *bona fide* competitor for the prize of valor? He had, to our minds, about as much claim to the distinction as Ralph de Vipont or Grantmesnil to the honors of the tournament at Ashby. When the Greek heroes had contended for the privilege of encountering Hector in single combat, not only had Ulysses been the last to enter, but he had clearly been an outsider—to use betting parlance—from start to finish.

Grant Father Zeus,
The lot on Ajax, or on Tydeus' son,
Or on Mycene's wealthy king, may fall.

This prayer of the Greeks only emphasizes the fact that, had the challengers in the list at Ashby been selected from among the heroes of the "Iliad," Diomed would have represented the Templar, Ajax Front de Boeuf, Agamemnon Malvoisin, and Ulysses, had he found a place at all, might have been one of the "cheapest bargains."

Again, when it came to actual fighting—putting Achilles, of course, out of the question—the only Greeks who won any honor in a single-handed encounter with Hector were Diomed and Ajax, and the advantage gained by the latter was if anything more marked.

Finally, when Achilles invites

Two champions bold
To don their arms, their sharp-edged
weapons grasp,
And public trial of their powers make.

Diomed and Ajax alone enter the lists; nor does any other Greek offer to compete with these formidable champions

in a contest which, if not "understood to be at *outrance*," seems to promise no less danger than that incurred in "the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby." We can readily understand that in a state of society where robbery under arms was accounted a heroic action, and winning on a foul passed as a creditable achievement, downright and straightforward giants of the Ajax and Dandie Dinmont type were rather at a discount. But when the apologists—and they are many—for this malversation of justice assure us that the success of Ulysses is intended to symbolize the triumph of mind over matter, or of intellect over brute force, we cannot but note that the intellectual superiority of Ulysses as depicted by Homer is not of a character that appeals much to modern sympathy. The idealized Ulysses of the "Odyssey" is indeed a man of ready wit and full of resource in emergencies; and the Ulysses of Sophocles, with all the winning cards in his hand, is a fluent and plausible orator; but from start to finish he seems to be playing for his own hand entirely, and to be magnanimous only where there is nothing to lose by magnanimity. The intellect of Ulysses is the intellect of Isaac of York, and he looks the gift-horse of the Phœacian king in the mouth as critically as the Jew counts out the zechins paid by his late preserver for the use of horse and armor; or it is the intellect of the charlatan Galeotti or of the German impostor in the "Antiquary." At another time it reminds us of the cold-blooded and calculating sagacity of Louis XI. For Achilles and Philoctetes, Quentin Durward and the Bohemian, may be hanged, drawn, and quartered for all that Louis or Ulysses care, so long as they have duly fulfilled the purpose for which they were called into action.

Ulysses' companion in more than one perilous adventure, Diomed, is the true knight-errant of Homer, selected, like Marbot in Napoleon's army, to perform any special feat of derring-do, and allowed to choose his supporters. He is always spoiling for a fight, and, like Robert of Paris, will gladly "barter

safety for fame" and take his seat upon an emperor's throne; nor will he be nice about choosing the degree of his adversary, provided that the latter "bears himself like one who is willing and forward in battle." But, as De Wilton in "Marmion" vows:—

Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother;

so Diomed does not in the heat of the battle forget the sacred ties of guest-friendship, but exchanges courteous words and friendly gifts with Glauclus and Lycian, who, though fighting on the side of the Trojans, claims old acquaintanceship with the family of Tydeus. We fear that Diomed, who is quite as ready to encounter on the battle-field an immortal god as a mortal adversary, would have felt no more scruples than Reginald Front de Bœuf about employing an image—whether of St. Christopher or of any other saint in the calendar—as a missile weapon. Like Reginald Front de Bœuf, and like Balaam the son of Beor, he receives the wages of his unrighteousness, not indeed dying a violent death like the Norman noble and the Hebrew prophet, but expiating by weary exile the sin of having ventured to brave the wrath of heaven.

We may conclude by observing that both our authors, Homer and Walter Scott, had a sufficient respect for grey hairs to portray in their pictures of old age interesting and exemplary characters. Old Priam is one of the most refined and gentlemanly—we might almost say Christian-like—personages that we meet with in Greek literature. His gentleness and courtesy towards his very dubious and inconvenient daughter-in-law, his perfect integrity and affection in matters that concern the household, stand out in bold relief. And while all the time we cannot help reflecting what a despicable beast Paris was to allow the old man his father to run the risk of braving the wrath of Achilles, we fancy that the story of the "Iliad" would not have been complete without the account of

the interview between the old man and the slayer of his "warrior son." We leave the tent of Achilles feeling, as Priam must have felt, reconciled at least in part to the Greek hero, and glad that in his magnanimous behavior towards the old man he has in some degree atoned for his late barbarity. No one who reads the story can believe that Priam King of Troy loses anything of his dignity by falling in so worthy a cause a suppliant at Achilles' feet, any more than does stout old Arnold Biderman when he bends the knee to Charles of Burgundy, whose frantic rage so closely resembles the wrath of Achilles; and he who reads afresh the old king's appeal that he may receive back the dead body of his son will be tempted to say what Queen Caroline said of the simple words of Jeanie Deans, that "this is indeed eloquence."

If there are moments when the long stories told by old Nestor of his own past progress weary us, as they must have wearied his audience, almost to the same extent as Sir Henry Lee's recitations from Shakespeare palled upon his royal guest, we cannot but admire the pluck of the Gerenian knight when, maugre his years, he boldly acts as Diomed's charioteer when matters are almost at their worst for the Achaeans, just as we admire the stout-hearted old knight of Woodstock when he draws sword on the canting independent. If we may guess that in his day the old Greek was as "tight a task-master" as the venerable Royalist, and that Antilochus would no more have ventured to cock his hat in the presence of his father than Albert Lee in the presence of Sir Henry, we would have trusted to the advice of the grey-beard Nestor as implicitly as Charles Stuart trusted to the advice of the grey-beard Lee, convinced that he would find a road to safety "were the whole Roundheads that are out of hell in present assemblage" round the place of our concealment. Young and vigorous men are killed off by the score in the pages of the "Iliad" and the Waverley Novels, Albert Lee and Antilochus alike find graves in a foreign strand, but Nestor

and Sir Henry live on to find their dearest hopes realized and to see their children's children, and die in the home of their forefathers at a good old age, full of years, riches, and honor.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE SONGS OF YESTERDAY.

The sun is near its setting, and lies above the long blue line of Cape Frehel, sending level rays of light across the undulations of shore and pasturage, of thick woodland and dotted field, and spreading a saffron glory over the wide calm water. The air is very still, with that round, ripe stillness of autumn before the damp of November has brought decay; the earth, the trees, even the sky, are softly golden with a clear glowing brightness that is yet the hither edge of twilight. And through the stillness every sound is carried, so that one perceives, as if with a magic hearing, the life that lies about one; but the sound that is sweetest and loudest is the sound of singing.

Yonder, where the three horses harnessed in line pull the clumsy plough through the red buckwheat stubble, the driver as he walks beside them sings an old ditty that his fathers before him have sung on just such evenings as this, as they, too, followed the plough. His voice rises sonorously, monotonously, in a quaint cadence that drops into a minor, and ends without any end at all:-

I ha' slept from home,
I ha' slept from home,

His fathers have sung it before him, that, or another, as he sings now; their voices also have gone out into the stillness of the evening, when the sun lay above Cape Frehel, and the sea and the sky were painted with gold; it has all been the same for so long, that one forgets that there can ever have been a beginning. And from the other side where the children are driving home the cows from the seaward pastures, there comes the clear, high sweetness

of young voices singing a canticle to the Virgin: Ave, ave, Maria! The two songs blend and clash and blend again in a strange harmony of discord. They belong to each other, these two, different as they are; they have come down the centuries together in amity and good fellowship. These, and such as these, are the Songs of Yesterday.

Elsewhere there is singing also; indeed, the love of song is perhaps the most marked characteristic of everyday life in a small French town. Everywhere and at all times the people sing; the masons working in the new houses, the cobblers bending over half-made shoes, the carters plodding beside their horses, the women at the ironing-boards or beating the wet linen at the edge of washing-pools, the children on their way to and from school—men and women, young and old, at all hours of the day they sing with enthusiasm. It is their principal pleasure. They go to church to sing, they sing at marriages, at baptisms, on their way to the conscription, on their return home; there is no one so popular among them as a good singer, and nothing they love so much as a good song. And it must be acknowledged that they sing well, with an inherited taste and ease, the men in a rich, sonorous baritone, and the women in a strange, sweet treble, unnaturally high and small, but bird-like in its flexibility and plaintiveness. Every one sings; only, unfortunately, in the towns the music is too often imported and smacks hideously of Paris or London, and the popular tune of the year before last. The streets are vocal with "Saint Nazaire," or the "Czarine," or, worse, with "Daisy Bell." Every one sings here, as in the country; but in the towns they sing the songs of To-day.

It is in the further corners and byways, where there is nothing to tempt tourists, where life changes so slowly that it scarcely seems to change at all, that a music lingers which is neither vulgar nor commonplace, a music which has a history behind it, and which to-morrow will be dead. For it is dying fast, even among the peasants

who are so tenacious of old use and habit that one asks oneself continually how France has ever come to be republican. Soon the old songs will be forgotten, and the change which has been so long on the way will at last have arrived. Then at the tobacco-threading and at the cider-making, when the red buckwheat is tied, and on the long Christmas nights, even the peasants will sing the "Czarine" or "Daisy Bell" or their like, and yesterday will be so utterly forgotten that it will seem as if it had never existed.

And yet the old songs are worthy of a little notice before they are quite gone from among us; if they are not beautiful, they have at least the charm of all things ancient and primitive, and they have stories to tell from which one may build up history. For if singing is a popular amusement now, it was infinitely more than that in those earlier days when life was simpler and pleasures more homely. Whenever the people came together they fell to singing, whether they met for merry-making or mourning, in labor or in idleness; and when one asks what these occasions were that called them together, one finds that they were very many, for the circumstances of their time and condition constrained them greatly to a common life. It is a mere truism to say that from oppression grows independence; but one is apt not to realize that the excessive strength of the feudal nobles, while crushing the poor into servitude, bred and fostered the very self-sufficiency and unity that was some day to become a power. Cut off from their lords by birth, and from the townsmen by poverty and ignorance, the peasant in those days was all in all to the peasant. He was compelled to a life which he shared with his neighbor in all its aspects; he was constrained into doing whatever he must do, for himself, and by himself. His peculiar isolation in a class apart from all others nourished an individuality so distinct that it is still existent. He and his fellows gave each other a mutual help in labor, and in need; they made their own amusements and ar-

ranged their own festivals; they not only inter-married, but they raised up a curious hereditary relation of god-parent and god-child, which was as close a link as kinship, and bound whole districts together; above all, they spread news about among themselves, for they often dwelt on lonely farms where strangers seldom passed, and they came into touch with the outer world only at the nearest yearly fair or *pardon*. In one direction only were they largely influenced from without, and that was through the Church. Wherefore one finds, as one would expect, that their songs can be divided into two great classes, that yet continually meet and mingle; the religious, which had its birth in the Church or in its teaching, and the secular, which was the natural outcome of a common gaiety and a common life.

A very little consideration will show how strong a hold upon the people such music must have obtained. The Church was, and is still, in spite of State-encouragement to unbelief, a very intimate thing to the peasants. It has continually played a large part in their lives, and they look upon it with a complete familiarity which to the stranger borders on the profane. It has given them encouragement and a benediction for their labor, and has provided them with a better share of all their gaelties, their assemblies, their *pardons*, their missions and their fairs; it prepared for them throughout the recurring seasons a succession of pageants in which they all might share. Pastorals at Christmas, Passion-plays in Lent, the splendid summer festivals of the Corpus Christi and the Assumption, and the funeral dirges of All Souls. It baptized their children, taught them at school, married their young people, and buried their dead; it was among them at all times, guarding, consoling, rewarding, one with them, a very partner of their lives. The first music that the peasant heard was in the church, the first tune he learned to sing was that of a canticle; one need not wonder that the religious songs are so many, the songs which, if

not perhaps taught by the priests, yet rose directly from their teaching.

It was the custom, for instance, to spend Christmas eve in keeping vigil in the parish church till it was time for the midnight mass; and during the long cold hours the villagers so assembled sang their ancient traditional songs, unwritten, unauthorized, but familiar to all. Some of these popular canticles were indeed composed by the clergy, but these are at once distinguishable by their extreme stiffness and propriety. For the most part they were of homelier growth, and often were strictly local, differing in every district; while both Nôëls and pastorals, the latter introducing the shepherds and generally more dramatic in character, were sung by the young men and by the children from door to door and farm to farm. Such a song as this that follows, for instance, has been sung in this way for not less than four or five hundred years; it is included in a rough manuscript collection of similar pieces, dating from the end of the fourteenth century and found in an old church of the district.

NOËL.

"Shepherdess, whence come you,
Whence come you, say?"

"I came from yonder stable,
Where God is born to-day,
Between the ox and the ass,
Lying in the hay."

"Shepherdess, is He fine,
Is He pure and white?"

"Finer than the fine moon
Giving her light.
Nothing in all the world,
Is so fair and bright."

"Shepherdess, is there naught,
Naught more to see?"
"Saint Joseph who looks on Him,
Adoringly;
And sweet Mary who holds the Child
Upon her knee."

"Shepherdess, is there naught,
Naught more to tell?"

"Four little white angels,
That sing with good will,
Crying to the King of Kings,
Noël, Noël!"

And it was not at Christmas only that such songs were sung: in Lent there were Complaints of the Passion, at Easter there were Allelujahs, during the month of Mary there were Mays; and every saint that was beloved of the people had a special canticle in his honor. They are still to be bought, these canticles, or at least modern versions of them, for the sum of one halfpenny each, with a wonderful picture of the saint in the midst of clouds and angels; and there are few houses about the country that have not at least one such pinned upon their walls. There is Great-Saint-Yves-of-Truth, whose hymn describes him as a "handsome lawyer (*un joli avocat*)."
There is Saint Cornely, the patron of cattle, and Saint Eloi, the protector of horses, whose litanies must be said, and whose canticles must be sung when the farm stock does not thrive. There is Saint Roch, preserver of public health and cleanser of the skin, as he is quaintly called in his hymn, and one cannot say how many more; but the saints are not more innumerable than the canticles. The Church, at least, will see that her music is not forgotten; and if some of the more ancient songs slip daily out of mind, there are still so many left that they are scarcely missed.

As to the secular songs, even these were not always wholly secular in their employ. They, too, on occasions, were closely connected with the clergy, and the manner of this connection is interesting, for it throws light upon the life of the people, and upon the civil and feudal dues of the Church. To quote one or two instances from this district alone; the prior of Hédé had the right of the wedding-song, due from the newly-married of Hédé on the first Sunday after the wedding. It was to be sung at the churchyard gate on the coming out from high mass, under a penalty of sixty *sols*. The priory also of Saint Georges de Greaignes, not far from Saint Malo, possessed until the seventeenth century a feudal right called the Duty of Brides, who were obliged, on the first Sunday after their marriage, to sing and dance upon a flat

stone at the churchyard gate. At Combourg also, at Lohéac, and at many other places, the same rights and customs existed; the bride must sing, or sing and dance, upon a specified spot near the church, and in some cases she had to declare that she owed a kiss to the *seigneurie*. A more curious and complicated custom obtained in very early times at the Benedictine priory of Saint-Sauveur-des-Landes, as it is described by one of the same community, writing in the sixteenth century. Here the bride had to go straight from the church, when the marriage mass had been said, and to present to the prior a kiss and a nose-gay tied with green or blue ribbons; she had then to sing nine songs, and while singing to dance up and down the hall with the prior, or with one of the community representing him, if he himself was too old, fat, or infirm; after which she and her company were served with good wine, honestly, as the old phrase ran, meaning without stint. In default of this, the manuscript goes on to say, upon the following Sunday, after high mass at the church of Saint Sauveur, the prior shall strip shoe and hose from the bride's left foot (which may sometimes have been a not unpleasant duty), "and she shall thus go home without covering upon her skin, and further shall pay sixty sols in fine."

The individual character of the ancient songs is as interesting as the place that they held in the life of the fourteenth century. They were the peasant's books; they stood to him in the place of newspapers; by means of them the old traditions were handed on from father to son, the old stories of by-gone days that were passing into legend. And by means of them also local history and current news were carried from place to place: that strange force which is public opinion and which underlay even the peasant's servitude, was nourished; and a link was made that joined the most isolated farms and the remotest districts together. The practice of what one may call professional minstrelsy was more

or less confined to a class of singers that frequented the castles and towns; but the habit of singing was universal, and, with the splendid memories of those who can neither read nor write, to hear a song once, however innumerable its verses, was all that was necessary. True, it might be repeated with some variations and some lack of sense, but that mattered little; even to-day, when the repetition of centuries has left many ballads absolutely devoid of either rhyme or meaning, the peasant is amply content with them and sees nothing lacking. Strangers journeying from place to place, fighting-men riding in companies across the country, were naturally the great spreaders of songs in the more central districts bordering the great roads; as, since then, French soldiers have carried French music so far abroad that an ancient Poitevin *Noël* has been found among an Indian tribe in the depths of Canada, and a ballad of Provence is sung by the Annamites far inland from Saigon. But from farm to farm in the byways of High Brittany where there was little of passing traffic, songs were mostly carried, as was everything else, indeed, by the packman, the travelling hawker of all sorts of wares, the Little Merchant or *gentil Mercelot* as he is called in many a ballad in which he plays a part. He, who went everywhere and saw everyone, who was as welcome to castle as to cottage, and most welcome where fewest came and least was known of the outer world, was the minstrel of the country-side, the singer of songs, the teller of tales, the newsmonger and the messenger from parish to parish from the inland hills to the flats and pastures of the coast. And so the songs he sang were something more than a pastime; they spread no doubt a world of misinformation and credulity, but without them the peasant would have been perhaps more ignorant, and certainly more isolated than he was, and the history which later he helped to make might never have come to be history.

What the songs were that were sung

by the Little Merchant one can judge by such as remain, and they are many. It is true that the ballads which once treated of current news are now a little out of date, and by dint of long corruption are as misty and as mythical as the remotest legends; but one can imagine what they may have been by considering the Complaint which is today as popular as it can ever have been. It is a doleful ballad which recounts in the plainest language and in very great, and generally quite incorrect detail, some crime committed in the neighborhood. It generally follows a stereotyped course, the culprit being described in conventional terms that never change, and always being discovered and caught in the last verse but one. Nevertheless, it not only reaches peasants who, even in these days, never read or even see a newspaper, but it is vividly appreciated even by such as live within reach of towns, and lingers word for word in their minds through all its many verses, long after the whole affair has been forgotten by every one else, and, as often occurs, after succeeding events have proved the Complaint to be wholly wrong. Wherefore even today local news is best remembered when it is put into the old traditional form of rhymed verse. The ballads, which are still sung among the people, resemble their English kin, but with a difference; they have characteristics of their own. They are shorter in general than are most of our old ballads; they incline to the *chanson*; they are frequently set to a single rhyme all through, and the refrain, which with us is often absent and always subordinate, is sometimes nearly as long as the actual verse. Such an one as follows, which is still very popular, may be taken as fairly typical.

THE PRISONER OF HOLLAND.

Within my father's garden
There grows a tall green tree,
And all the birds from all the world
Sing there so merrily.
And it's oh, beside my sweetheart,
Oh, beside my dear,

It's oh, beside my sweetheart,
How gladly would I be!

The quail and the turtledove,
The blackbird bold and free,
And the kind nightingale
Sit singing on the tree.
And it's oh, etc.

They sing unto the maidens
That still are fancy free;
But I have a true lover
And they do not sing to me.
And it's oh, etc.

My heart has gone a-wandering,
My heart has gone from me;
It's with my love in Holland,
Under lock and key.
And it's oh, etc.

And if I sought him, lady,
And if I set him free?
Oh, I'd give you Rennes and Paris,
Paris and St. Denys.
And it's oh, etc.

I'd give you a broad river
That runs into the sea,
And turns the while 'tis running
Mill wheels three.

And it's oh, beside my sweetheart.
Oh, beside my dear,
It's oh, beside my sweetheart,
How gladly would I be!

It is a noticeable fact that the more deeply one penetrates into the country, the more distinctly do the ballads divide into two classes, the melancholy, which are nearly always concerned with death, and the gay or comic, which are much too freespoken to bear translation. Such songs as are to be heard round Dinard, for instance, are infinitely more decent than those that are popular in the farms that border on the Hunaudaye forest, where there are ditties so Rabelaisian that one is grateful for the mixture of patois and old French that, though sometimes insufficiently, obscures their meaning. An occasion that here, as elsewhere, gives rise to many such songs, is a marriage; and a curious custom is that of the marriage-walk. On the day after the wedding, which for this rea-

son is generally on a Saturday, the bride and groom and all their company set out two and two, to walk either into the nearest large village or town, or if they already live in one, to traverse all its principal streets; in this latter case, the walk takes place in the evening. Two and two the couples follow each other, arm in arm, or hand in hand, dancing a curious running step with a long swing of the leg to alternate sides, and singing traditional songs that are known as marriage-verses (*couplets de noce*); some of which are so old that they are little more than nonsense after centuries of mis-repetition. Every inn passed upon the walk must be entered and the bride's health drunk; and at every inn the bride must sing a song,—not such a simple matter as it sounds, as no marriage-walk worthy of the name will choose a route that passes less than six or eight drinking-houses. But however many songs the bride may be called upon to sing, the traditional couplets remain the same that they have always been through more years than one can hope to count.

Another kind of song must be mentioned, as it is very characteristic; the Long Song (*chanson-longue*), which is something on the principle of the English rhyme. "The House that Jack Built," save that as a rule when it has reached its greatest length of verse it gradually decreases again, and ends only when it has once more reached the beginning. This kind of song is essentially a pastime in the most literal sense of the word, and is generally sung to help over a time of labor or enforced idleness. There are Long Songs for the harvest, when the crimson buckwheat stubble is cut and tied and set up in interminable lines of small red stocks; there are others for the conscripts when they march in to the nearest centre to draw their numbers; others again for the drinker with a verse for every inn he stops at, or for every mug of cider that he empties. Till recently, too, there were Long Songs for the maidens to sing as they span; but it is only the old women who spin nowadays, and the ancient

rhymes are full of words that have become meaningless and obsolete, now that the old practices have died out and the very methods of treating the wool are almost forgotten.

An example of a song may be given that is sung generally to children, with whom, in the remote byways of the country, it is as well-beloved as our own "Red-Riding-Hood." Indeed, a mother sometimes quotes from it much as English mothers may quote, "The better to eat you with, my dear;" and the end, if more cheerful, is at least delightfully vague. "Maitre d'Aziliou" is very old, and people of the country-side are apt to declare that the king in it is the first king of Brittany, and the wood, the neighboring forest of La Hunaudaye, on the borders of which the ballad still lingers.

MASTER D'AZILIOU.

It was Master D'Aziliou
Who went the King's young daughter to
woo.

A hundred leagues he took her away,
And there was none to say him nay.

When they came to the forest rim,
"Give me to eat!" she begged of him.

"If thou art hungry, eat thy head;
For never more shalt thou eat bread."

And when they came to the forest side,
"Give me to drink!" again she cried.

"If thou wouldst drink, then drink thy
pain;
For never shalt thou drink again.

"Here is a river wide and deep,
And three ladies within it sleep;

"And thou, my love, hast followed me,
To add a fourth to the other three."

"Oh, turn at least thy face," she said,
"And look not on an uncloth'd maid."

The lady, she caught him unaware,
And into the river tossed him fair.

"Now help me, help, my dear," he cried,
"And thou to-morrow shalt be my bride."

"Dive down, my master, dive down deep,
And wed the ladies that yonder sleep."

"How canst thou find thy father's town,
If thou dost leave me here to drown?"

"Thy little grey horse I'll surely ride,
And he shall be my homeward guide."

"And what will the King, thy father, say,
Who saw thee ride with a lover away?"

"He'll laugh with joy, that I have done
to thee
That which thou wouldst have done to
me."

Formerly every trade had its distinctive song, but few of these are even dimly remembered. Only the Guild of Saint Joseph, the carpenters, cabinet-makers, and ship-builders, walk in company to mass every year as their patron's day comes round, bearing their ancient green banner and the great nosegays of flowers that, after a benediction at the altar, will be hung up at their doors; and singing as they have sung it, all these three hundred years that the guild has existed, their quaint canticle with its stamping refrain that mimics the sound of hammering. But once for every trade, as has been said, these songs existed; and now they are so nearly forgotten that only a stray one may be met with rarely, and as it were by accident; as in a little drinking-house of Saint Enogat was recently heard the Song of the Sawyers. It is a fine rollicking ditty, with an odd refrain made up of picturesque oaths, accompanied by drawing the moistened thumb-tip sharply down the door-panel, and thereby producing a loud vibrating noise that sufficiently recalls the whirring noise of the hand-saws. It is a pity, indeed, that these trade-songs are so few, for, to judge by the rare examples that remain, they were curious and individual beyond most others; and with them have died a host of ancient customs. In nearly every trade the apprentice on becoming a journeyman had to sing his song, though one does not know whether this was the

trade-song or another of his choice; and the same was exacted from every member of the fraternity when he married. All this is gone; yet still the journeyman pays, when his apprenticeship is finished, a small fee which is called the song-penny; and still, when a workman marries, he treats some of his fellows to cider or absinthe, and calls it paying the song. The words linger, though the use is dead; and to-morrow, or next day, the grass will be green upon the graves and the very meaning will be forgotten.

And these, with all the rest of the ancient songs, would have been forgotten long ago, but for the one thing that has saved them till now; the mothers who sing to their children have been the great guardians of traditional literature. It is they who have handed down the old ballads and rhymes, who have sung them as lullabies to the babies, and told them as stories to the elder ones, who in their turn will hand them on and on again; it is from mother to child that the legends have come to us across the ages, so strangely unchanged in all the changing years. The songs that die out are the songs the mother more seldom sings; and those that live are the ones that she loves best, and that the children about her love best. So "Master d'Azillion" has come to us, while many a graver ballad is gone; and there are a hundred foolish rhymes with jingling refrains where not one of the season-plays, that were so popular about the country-side, is to be found complete. Traditional literature has come down to us through the children; it is worth while to be grateful for it, but one wishes that they had not exercised so stern a right of selection.

And very soon even they will turn their backs definitely on the old songs that are out of date, and foolishly, hopelessly, shockingly ancient and uninteresting to those that have outgrown them; and they will give up the simple-minded litanies and canticles, as their mothers are giving up their local caps and distinctive dresses; and there will be no music in High Brittany

that does not come from the musicians of Paris or London. The old songs, that have lived so many hundred years, will be utterly dead and done with; and granted that they are rude, uncouth, and unlovely, one remembers only that there is a charm that lingers about them always. They are the Songs of Yesterday, and to-morrow they will be forgotten.

From The New Review.
IN THE ASOLAN COUNTRY.

Whether one approaches the Asolan Country from the mountains or from the sea, the roads to it are all delightful. They take one to a romantic landscape of green hills and blue mountains, a landscape with the charm of northern freshness, of southern radiance, of varied aspect. On one side the rock-walls of the near Alps rise in barren majesty above the chestnut woods of Crespano and of Possagno; on the other stretches the Venetian plain, its far horizon broken by the sharp Euganean peaks, blue, and faint in the distance. The plain itself is sea-like in color and spaciousness under the fusing effects of day and night; often it looks like tapestry, dim and harmonious, and even textured—still oftener brightly green in sunlight; it is populous, highly cultivated; it sparkles with towns, and towers, and villas, and hamlets. Three hundred feet above it, sheltered from northern winds, is Asolo, looking out over it east, south, and west; west to a noble range of mountains and wooded hills that fall in rhythmic lines to the level land. Bassano and Vicenza lie there, and there Castelfranco. They shine like jewels under the morning and evening sun. The domes of Padua are just discernible, and in a faint line against the sky, one sees a sign of Venice: it is St. Mark's tower! Anything for range of vision wider or more alluring and surprising would be hard to find even in Italy. Now and then the beauty and interest of this hill-town are written of, and the commonplaces

of descriptive travel find seasonable expression and oblivion. They are revived from time to time because of the English poet who came here. Or the Asolan landscape is put before the public by the painter who loves it. If in casual hands the "article," Asolo, lack the personal note, and its intimate and profound and varied charms remain uncelebrated, its name, at least, is made to stir a remoter, if a fainter curiosity, even while it is left, like the usual Italian subject, alien to us. If, seeing much and loving nothing, one come to Asolo, the lover's part there lies untouched, and is rightly left for the poet and the painter.

Sixty-one years ago, George Sand, first among the famous of our day to come to Asolo, walked here in man's blouse, and alone. She started from Bassano, and seems to have lost her way, purposely wandering into one of the gorges of the Grappa, where, not entirely released from the febrile excitement of her recent rupture with Musset, at Venice, she seemed for the time being, she tells us, in a solitude of the New World; and she half expected to see a boa uncoil his monstrous length, she half imagined the cry of a panther in the wild wind that rose and fell among the horrific rocks. One suspects her of Byronizing with her woe and with nature—of walking into rocky gorges to find something in accord with her state of mind. Apparently she climbed to the first snows, and descended near Possagno, and then continued her less eccentric and proper way to Asolo in the early spring of 1834. She says nothing concerning Asolo itself, and but a few words of admiration for the country about it. She calls it an "earthly Paradise," the richest in Italy for its healthy climate and delicious fruits. The limpidity of its waters, the fertility of its soil, the force of its vegetation, the beauty of its race, and the magnificence of its views seem made, she says, expressly to nourish the highest faculties of the soul and excite the noblest ambition. Her book of travel gives a new note of interest to the land, which was for the moment but a background,

or place, for her own perturbed and rich personality. The "Lettres d'un Voyageur" is one of her best books; she is herself so much in it. But it abounds more in impassioned declamation than in pictures of travel. She does not so much load you with facts as interest and charm you with her expression of herself.

A young woman of great gifts, of a benevolent nature, cut loose from the checks and freed from the usual sense of dependence of her sex, footing the open ways of this pleasant land like an unknown youth, was most interesting. True, she could not have found a country where the people are more civil and more gentle, or sooner respond to the charm of a stranger's voice. And there was more peril in George Sand's own imagination than in all the leagues of land between the Brenta and the Piave traversed by her; and if in any place nature could lay a cooling hand on her child, it would have been here on these pre-Alpine heights, these Asolan hills, with their restful vision of earth and sky, and pure air winnowed and freshened by free winds from the mountains and the sea. There was ministration in the very flowers and aromatic plants which abound in the Asolan country. But the amenities of all this rich Italian nature were foreign to her, and she turned away from it. She says she skinned her hands to reach a solitude suited to her mood. The mountain gorge was too savage—the park-like slopes of the lower hills too tame—to influence her agitated spirit. Her soul was sick, and she sought to deaden reflection by movement. Nature irritates, she says, when one is in disaccord with her. Therefore she, the lover of nature, lingered in the enchanting land she traversed but to fare her way to Asolo. She was less fortunate than the sane Englishman who came to it and found in it the inspiration of his early verse and the subject of one of his best poems. Robert Browning came to Asolo two years later than George Sand, led to it, perhaps, by her very account of her walk from Bassano and Possagno. He set the name of Asolo in "Pippa

Passes," which remains expressive in some ways of its life and nature, though silk-winding is no longer an industry of the town. It may be owing to his poem about the girl of Asolo singing her song that his son has established his charitable industry there; and Mr. R. Barrett Browning's lacemakers are the result of "Pippa." Such potentialities lie in the glance and the expression of a poet.

If you would approach Asolo in the footsteps of George Sand or of Robert Browning, you will start from picturesque Bassano. At Bassano one naturally thinks of old Jacopo da Ponti, called Bassano, a painter of rural realities long before Millet. He felt the poetry of country life; he liked the low hills about his native town; his imagination was stirred by the frequent effects of light seen in its sky—the gleam of it at the horizon, and the bursting ray of its splendor shot from a rifted cloud like a sudden revelation; these are the two notes of poetry which you will find in his best pictures. Who can look at the level light at the horizon, a break in low-lying clouds, a quiet space of metallic lustre, or silver or gold, or like fire, above the lifted hills, without some thought of another world? It is the note which gives imaginative reach to Bassano's homeliest subjects—the note wherein he is akin to Tintoretto in his one suggestion of the infinite. So that his pastoral prose becomes as far reaching in suggestion as Tintoretto's great dramatic poetry. The Bassano hills were the setting of the seasons he knew best; and he painted them with great richness of color and according to the Venetian method. It is sound painting. Time does not blanch nor blacken nor dull it; if it darkens, it remains transparent, not black. His best work to-day is jewel-like for richness of color. His shepherd boy, his sleeping peasant, his busy peasant woman, and his sheep, the very peasant hats worn in his time, may still be seen near Bassano. He never rose to the inspiration of the Asolan landscape close by. That was left for Glorglone, with his patrician taste, his larger sense of space, of light.

of air—his sense of romantic scenery. The Asolan Country is, properly speaking, a part of his own; it is but nine miles from his own towered Castelfranco, or from the hamlet of Vedelago, where he was born. The Asolan hills are of pyramidal form for the most part, bare at the top and belted with chestnut woods and vineyards, like the hills you see in Bellini's backgrounds. The painter of Queen Cornaio's portrait doubtless came to Asolo, or to her royal seat, Barco, three miles away, where the élite of her time came to see her in her new domain.

Approaching Asolo from the north by way of Possagno, walking south, one traverses the Asolan Country; thus, or (stepping westward) from the east from Cornuda, the nearest station on the railway line of Treviso and Belluno. At Possagno one cannot wonder that Canova came back to such a birth-place after the honors of a brilliant and unresting life in the capitals of Europe. He came back to it unmarried; to give it a good part of the fortune he had acquired elsewhere, and to erect a Greek temple, for Christian worship, overlooking the whole land. It would have been more happily placed on one of the Asolan hills, at St. Anna, where he first proposed to build it, than where it perches — belittled — on the slope of a mountain flank above Possagno.

It is, perhaps, no longer the fashion to admire Canova. One should not forget that he is noble and grand in his bronze Napoleon, high placed in the court of the Breza at Milan—though not in the plaster at Possagno, where one is too close to it. It is a bronze of heroic and enduring beauty. The feminine ideal of the empire found no fairer expression than in his statues of women—all grace and elegance of form. He abhorred the coarse and the material. Unfortunately, he too often eliminated all individuality; hence, he was monotonous, generalizing form. But he sought “the line,” and found it: he sought beauty, and created a type. You might imagine he never saw any but delicately bred and high-born women: but the very peasant girls of Possagno, and of Asolo,

have just the grace of movement and the refinement of line you see in his statues. They have small hands and feet; small, round ankles; medium sized, perfectly proportioned bodies; lovely faces; their glance is clear as water. The race is of Greek origin. The Greek type is constantly seen here as elsewhere in the Veneto. The German wave never swept it from hill or plain. The Lombard from the West never dislodged it. The Hun from the East drove it to the islands of the Lagoons, but it came back to its old seat. The peasant is like the grass, universal—and in Italy—like it,—though he is trodden on, he endures. And in the Asolan Country he has kept the type of his race in spite of the Invaders of Italy. Only the other day Charles Yriarte observed the proud and charming type; the pose of the head on its columnar neck, the short bust, the noble elastic carriage of the women on the road below Asolo. Strange that a man of Canova's genius should have failed to see that his insipid faces, setting the fashion of a day, might have been made more vital, and interesting, more Greek looking, by modelling strictly the living peasants of his native hills. To them at least we owe the refinement of his ideal; its form was imposed upon him by his sense of the beauty of the peasant girls of the Asolan Country. As we face forward in it, the roadsides are bright with villas and villages and farmhouses, each one set in orchard close, or vineyard slope, or on the edge of chestnut woods; and from time to time we get glimpses of the marvellous plain and the chain of the Asolan hills coming dark against a luminous sky. It is all so pleasant, so radiant, and it has its note of romance in dark tower and blind fortress. It seems now the ideal country, where every gentle and peaceful thing has triumphed over the rougher and wilder life of the past. There is nothing of the melancholy and the homelessness of the severer and the more classic parts of southern Italy; nothing of Tuscan meagreness, nothing of its formal or ascetic aspect; nothing of the immeasurable monotony and

silence of the grander Roman Campagna. No. We are in a part of Giorgione's country—the Holy Land of Art: that land of a vast horizon on the south, of green undulating hills below the majestic range of the Venetian Alps on the north; a land cut by swift streams and fresh with moist meadows; a land of park-like scenery, with vineyards, and orchards, and woods. The oak, the chestnut, the laurel, the olive, the sycamore, the pine, the cypress the pomegranate, the magnolia, the lemon—here grows every tree of southern Italy but the palm, and makes a landscape of rich foliage, the landscape of a light, melting, hazy world. Over and out of all this infinite of refreshing life comes the sound of church bells from the hills, from the vales, and from the plain. Rising and dying sounds, before dawn, break and fall in the dim and yet unawakened world; now single note after note, then the swarming sound of the bells of many *campanili*; far bells answer bells, and near by the bells of Asolo ring out in louder sound which ebbs away till lost in thin air.

The rising and falling tide of life on market-day once a week, and on festa days, is most amusing: it is all that breaks the monotony of the quiet street of little Asolo. The piazza is one of the most charming in Italy, with its Renaissance fountain and beautiful town-hall, perfectly proportioned, built above an open loggia. Its painted façade is adorned by a fresco of Diana and her dogs—pagan and pleasant—which one remembers rather than the battle-scene also painted there. Yet one goes to Asolo not for architecture but for nature. The hill-town offers to the seeing eye a page—yes, many pages!—of nature therein excelling Perugia, with her outlook on the Valley of the Tiber, and Orvieto on her rock—far-reaching and beautiful as the Umbrian landscape is from both. At Asolo you are midway between the Brenta and the Piave, within easy reach of valleys, hills, and streams, and towns of great name and rich with art. It is prose, as the priest said, walking on the plain to the hills; but when I rose to Asolo it

was poetry. And it is joyous. Something in the smiling landscape and something in the quality of the air make people sing. A kind of lyric joy, as of perpetual youth, stirs the peasant. The shepherdess sings as she goes with her sheep; the girl at the waterside sings as she beats the clothes; the cowboy sings on the road, and the birds sing by the river. I have heard the little caponero by the Musone as late as December, and the nightingale in August. Once by the Musone one is in an enchanting world.

To set foot in this joyous and open region is to see something of a part of Italy that was thought comparable to San Remo and to the Holy Land. It has its Mount Tabor, the name given, perhaps, by the Crusader who returned to this land after slaying the infidel at Ascalon; for it was celebrated in the Middle Ages, and furnished fighters for the Holy Sepulchre. From its castled hills one overlooked the most favored part of Italy, the famous, the prosperous Marca Trivigiana, still populous, cut by swift rivers and washed and fretted by the waters of the far-off Adriatic. It was called the land of joy and love—*La Marca Gioiosa e Amorosa*. From Asolo one sees the hill of Romano, and also that of San Zenon, of the Ecelini. Dante, who saw everything worth seeing in Italy, mentions the little hill where stood the castle of Romano—which lifts itself, but not very high, he says, between the Brenta and the Piave. There Ecelin was born, and there also Cunizza, “passion’s votress,” as Browning calls her. Her Tuscan mother, Adelaide, probably often came to Asolo for greater security. She was a watcher of the stars, and the Asolan fortress is a point of vantage where to remark the constellated heavens. The planets and stars seem to burn brighter than when they are seen from the plain, though it was from a city of that plain that Galileo watched. Seen at night, the plain lies in opaque darkness, vast and impressive like the sea. Over it the moon seems to shine with more effulgence than elsewhere, so pure is the atmosphere. What is this but to say

that the shows of nature are seen as in few other places, and that the spectacle of day and night is a continuous entertainment to the eye in this open country? Storms from the Alps or from the sea, piled in portentous clouds, break and fall, or are driven to and fro over the plain; and one is witness of atmospheric effects that amaze and enchant the eye.

The thing of most perplexing interest at Asolo is its *Rocca*, or fortress, a strange looking structure of mysterious antiquity. It was there long before the time of Ecelin, and it is thought by some to be pre-Roman, but its known story begins only with the Middle Ages. As to the strange signs scratched on its stones, they excited the curiosity and engaged the imagination of the local antiquary, Signor Seomazzetti, who fancied they might prove to be Euganean. His supposition was not confirmed by comparing these half-effaced marks with the lapidary remains of the Euganean alphabet. He might as well have imagined them to be Runic. Their presence there would hardly seem more strange than the Runic characters in Venice—on a red marble lion, a trophy from Athens in the tenth century—which record the visit of a northern sea-rover. But they as little imply the Norseman as the Euganean, and we must leave them as of unknown significance and accept the Rocca as the work of the Romans, who gave the name Acelum to the town, and perhaps, first, to the fortress that dominates it. Be this as it may, the Rocca is one of the most striking monuments in Italy. Its dismantled tower was erected before the main structure, and is without any entrance from below, and appears to have been accessible only from the top! The puzzle of it is there. Its interior wall was pierced at the beginning of this century, and now one can creep through the thickest part of it; but the aperture dwindles to a hole only big enough to admit a man's head and shoulders. The main structure has nine sides and but one entrance, and it presents itself, curiously enough, seen

from the Chapel of San Martino below, to the east, as a slim castle, the very unusual epithet Browning selects to describe the castle of Goltó, which, in what remains of it, is but a round and roofed piece of mediaeval wall in a meadow by the Mincius. I fancy he had the Rocca of Asolo in his mind's eye when he wrote "Sordello." He seems to mean the Rocca when he speaks of the castle's looking "like the chine of some extinct animal," to which the boy in "Sordello" climbs:—

Singing all the while
Some unintelligible words to beat
The lark, God's poet, swooning at his feet.

It looks like that from the north side valley by the Musone. It is reached from every side by rough lanes, bordered with old hedges. Ecelin's own men-at-arms many a time hurried down the devious and stony watercourses, or toiled up through them to the hill-top; and many a time the young lord or page of the castle slipped down through them, unseen, for such adventure as the field and covert of the forest slopes below offered him. Often there at vespere time you may startle the dusk-winged bats—those ominous things of darkness, the last (save ruin) to possess the place.

These thickly screened ways are a feature of the Asolan *rivas*, which are cut by deep ravines, strangely solitary and cool under the thick leafage of summer, and for a good part of the year are watercourses, in which you step on "stubs of living rock." But they lead you, as they descend, beneath grand chestnut-trees of great girth, and with wide-spreading branches to the open vineyards and orchards, through which you can roam at will in autumn, after the vintage. It is, perhaps, in spring-time that the *rivas* of Asolo are the most enchanting. The new-born vegetation, the fields blue and gold and white with wild flowers, and, over all, the blossomy profusion of the fruit trees, make a vision of tender and fleeting beauty. The air is dim with blooms; they fall in showers; a puff of warm air sends them down like snowflakes. The admirable

guide to Asolo, by Signor Paladini—"Asolo e il suo Territorio"—does not fail to pay due tribute to spring and autumn there, treating the impressions of both as of equal importance with its antiquities and its story.

There is in Asolo a certain *riva*—as the hillsides and vineyards are called—which is like a cloister, so private and hidden is its leafy walk, once paced by a Monsignore for many a day of his declining years; whether for reverie, or digestion, to dream of the cardinal's purple or to watch his grapes,—who knows? On that *riva* one is in a well-chosen place. There are the vestiges of a Roman theatre—a site selected as the convent's for the monk—a place where the air is delicate, and the view the best. With its ranged seats overlooking the Veneto, it buzzed with life before the comic or the tragic stage. But yesterday a peasant there turned up a coin of the time, but yesterday a bit of mosaic; and the Museum of Asolo is made interesting with the spoils of the *Riva* of the *Monsignore*. Hard by is the Castle of the Cornaro—that walking lady of history, who, despite her tragic losses and her distress in Cyprus, despite the fame of her great beauty in youth, is not a very interesting woman. She was deficient in force of character; a queen, but for fine clothes, and festivals, and a secure State; in no way comparable to the great Italian women of story and song, or to the saints of legend; much less an impassioned soul. Andrea Cornaro, her uncle, banker to the bastard son of an effeminate king, bought her a husband of illustrious name; for it was his ducats, rather than her beauty, which won her the crown of Cyprus. Lusignan, the usurper, was a needy, if not an indigent, king. Lack-ing money, Cornaro accommodated him, offering his niece with a *dot* of one hundred thousand zeechini. To render the marriage fit, the republic adopted her; and, in case she had no heir, could claim jurisdiction over Cyprus, and in any case hold it against all pretenders. The transaction would not bear examination, and it was dangerous to look into it and criticise it, at the time, in

Venice. The scheme of the astute and all-aspiring Cornaro was for a while successful, but it brought him violent death, and no happiness to his niece.

She, the queen of Cyprus, was compelled to cede the island, and fly to Venice, where a dazzling reception awaited her. Transferred to Asolo—given to compensate her in a way for the loss of her sovereignty over Cyprus, where she had been helpless against the policy of Venice, and insecure against the rightful mistress of the island, Carlotta Lusignan, the wife of Luigi of Savoy—she kept up the show of royalty, with her court of eighty persons and an allowance of eight thousand ducats from Venice. She gave fêtes, she was visited by great personages, and for a few years led a pleasant, sumptuous, untroubled life. Forced to fly from Asolo at the rumor of war, she appears but as the hurried lady of a festival suddenly terminated, and without any personal life. Nothing touched her deep enough for *that*. The splendor of her fêtes at Asolo made people forget that she had passed through a bloody and heart-shaking tragedy in Cyprus, where the Count of Tripoli and his fellow-conspirators "burst into the young queen's chamber; slew her doctor and her servant, who clung to the folds of her dress for safety; and, after searching the palace through, captured and cut to pieces Andrea Cornaro, the queen's uncle, and Marco Bembo, her cousin." Was it that nothing made a lasting impression on her kind of mind—the kind that forgets, and lives only in the vanities of a day?

At Asolo young Bembo found in her nothing but a pleasant hostess, more like a stage queen: she exists but to show herself; she hardly seems to live. And so she is depicted in a phrase or two in Bembo's "*Asolani*," the fashionable book of its time, read "with enthusiasm" in every court of Italy, but now dead. He dedicated it, not to the Cornaro, but to Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, more than interesting to him, after the horrors of her Roman days. "*Gli Asolani*" gives a glimpse of the courtly and cultivated

life of a group of charming persons. It has some really interesting details to be picked out of its now tiresome pages. It is an elaborate tribute to and expression of beauty, art, and youth. It lets us see the queen herself moving from her garden at the end of day, lighted by torches, going up the steps of the castle, seated at table, and again in the garden. There, with the music of beautiful instruments, noted as such; the singing, the talk, the grace and virginal loveliness of the three ladies of the court; the decorous freedom of manner, the unfailing tribute to beauty, the grave glance, the golden hair, the blush; even the contour of the breast of Sabinetta—who, owing to the heat of the day, wore the thinnest vesture, and blushed under the glance of Gismondo—one realizes from such touches and traits a pretty moment of life in an enchanting place. It was all lived in the garden of the very castle whose noble tower is yet to be seen at Asolo; and while those dear people sat in the shade by a fountain, or passed through the solemn darkness of a thick grove, the queen slept. It was a day of September when the conversation was begun so pleasantly, and the queen, herself, hearing of the pleasant discussion, came to preside at the conclusion of it.

Do not think that Asolo means but the promenade-place of the Lady of Asolo, or owes the most to an unread book. It means something far more interesting, richer and better than the shell of extinct life. It means poetry and a wide vision of nature; it means something that endures, and is dear to memory. Robert Browning, in "Asolando," with a felicitous title, associated his last verse with the place of his choice; but the book, it must be admitted, has little of Asolo in it. The lover of his poetry knows, however, where to look for his Asolo. If you would know and feel the fire and passion of his *first* Asolan days, read his earlier verse, where you will find impressions of Asolo, to the very last "crimson wave that drifts the sun away!"—

Last year's sunsets and great stars
That had a right to come first and see ebb
The crimson wave that drifts the sun
away—
Those crescent moons with notched and
burning rims
That strengthened with sharp fire, and
there stood
Impatient of the azure—and that day
In March, a double rainbow stopped the
storm—
May's warm, slow, yellow, moonlit sum-
mer nights—
Gone are they, but I have them in my
soul.

That is poetry; and it is an expression of what the poet saw and felt at Asolo; it is the note of nature *there*, where yet one may *asolare*, that is to say, "disport in the open air, amuse one's self at random." No railway traverses the Asolan Country.

EUGENE BENSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MY PEASANT HOST OF THE DORDOGNE. *

The quest of game may often have led to curious discoveries. In my case, at any rate, the desire for sport made me acquainted with as original a section of humanity as one could wish to find; and the newness of my surroundings somewhat atoned for the scarcity of the lazy quail or too wild partridge.

Getting out of the train at Lamothé-Montravel, I was not disappointed to find a station utterly devoid of movement. This was the kind of place I had sought and expected. I asked the *chef de gare*, who was fumbling with some packages that had to go off by the next train, to direct me to Flaujacques, in which village lived my peasant-proprietor host of the Dordogne. His explanation that the little fishing village lay on the opposite side of the Dordogne was interrupted by the strident voice of Alain Lafarge himself. Two hundred yards off did the *blagueur* begin his nonsense.

"Yes, I am late. Well, I had the carriage out with four horses but they couldn't get on to the ferry-boat, so I had to leave them on the other side.

And," he continued, by way of welcome, "my wife is furious at you for coming now, as she has nothing ready."

In this strain he continued to harangue me until he had come within a yard or two of where I stood; then, stopping suddenly, he raised his hat or alpaca smoking-cap, and said dryly, "Bonjour, monsieur." It was an action peculiar to the Girondin peasant. He will talk to you for some minutes at a certain distance, but on approaching will interrupt his conversation to bid you good-day.

Lafarge seized my somewhat heavy valise, carrying it with an ease which showed that although he was a small man, hard work had developed his muscles. On the way to the ferry—a walk of half a mile—he kept up an unceasing flow of badinage.

"I suppose you mean to stay two or three days with this bagful? I am glad you have brought more than one shirt. Now the hot weather has set in, I shall not be sorry to borrow one from you. The one I have worn all this time is unpleasant," and so on.

At length we got to the ferry, where an aged man was resting on the one oar with which all the fishing-boats on the Dordogne are propelled—from the stern, of course.

"You see this gentleman," said Lafarge, "He ferries people over all day, wet or fine, and he is sixty-five, and as strong as a young man. He is often very drunk," he added in an aside to me, "mais un brave homme quand même."

I noticed in this the odd custom of the peasants of describing each other as monsieur, madame, and so forth. At another time Lafarge said to me, "You see that young lady (*cette demoiselle*) tending those sheep; she is a charming young lady." (She was indeed shapeless and ugly.) "Her family are very rich. They have perhaps twelve thousand francs. Still she has never found any one to marry her." And so on—an endless story.

A few strokes of the oar brought us to the opposite side of the Dordogne, which at that season was very low. Flaujagues appeared a quaint little fish-

ing village, with stone terraces and steps leading down to the water's edge; but behind the terraces were cottages only, not, as one expected to find, the loggia of a semi-Italian villa. Lafarge pointed out to me the only fairly decent house, calling it the château, and explaining that it belonged to Monsieur le Maire de Flaujagues, whose only daughter was passing rich, with certainly two hundred thousand francs *dot*. "Et pas fière avec cela. She talks to my niece and says *tu* to her. She does much good in the country."

By this time we had reached our destination. Lafarge had told me so much about his *terres*, showing me plans of his vineyards, and describing his two houses, that I was rather disappointed to find a two-roomed cottage standing in a tangled garden, the whole bearing every sign of discomfort. My cheerful host, however, continued his *blague*. "This is our town-house," he explained, after greetings had passed between his wife and me. "Our country seat is on the banks of the river; you shall see it to-morrow. Let me show you over the house." A table, already roughly laid for the evening meal, stood in the corner. Pointing to this, he continued—"There is the dining-room. Where the mud-floor leaves off and the bricks begin is the kitchen, which we have to use as a *salon* while the reception-rooms are being redecorated. That" (pointing to a huge linen-chest) "is where we keep a little ready money; the bulk of our fortune is in the Funds. This door is conveniently constructed to open into my wife's room, my room, your room, the cellar, the kennels, and the granary." So saying, he threw open a door, revealing the only other room, and it also had a mud floor and was furnished as a bedroom. My eye was immediately caught by the bed-hangings, which were made of a kind of print which turned out to be over a hundred years old. The pattern on it represented a village marriage scene of exceeding quaintness.

Lafarge's description of the apartment had brought to my mind rooms I had heard of where whole families

slept with their friends. But my fears were quickly dispelled by my host.

"You will be alone here," he said. "My wife and I are staying with Monsieur Noël, the grocer—a charming gentleman. You must not be frightened if you hear three knocks in the middle of the night. I cannot account for it—but it does no harm. My family have lived here for hundreds of years." And certain it is, I may say here, that one night I awoke with the half-consciousness of some one knocking. As it was Lafarge's habit to thump at the shutter to awake me, I ran and opened the window, expecting to find daylight; but the moon was high in the heavens, and no one was to be seen or heard. I was only disturbed in this way once.

We returned to the kitchen and living-room, and before dining I asked to be allowed to wash my hands. "Do so there," said Lafarge, indicating a stone sink built into the wall in a corner of the room. An opening in the wall allowed any water which was thrown there to flow into the garden. In the sink stood a bucket filled with fresh water, and near it an ingenious tin pannikin furnished with a long tubular spout which served as a handle also. With this it was easy to fish water out of a half-empty bucket, and the spout enabled one to drink the water, or do with it as one wished. The first time I made use of this pannikin, the water went down my sleeve, but Lafarge took hold of it and allowed the water to trickle on to my hands while I washed them.

"We will have supper in the open air if you like," said he; "but first I will make a salad such as you delight in."

Having washed his hands, he proceeded to take several large tomatoes, which he peeled—an important factor in the making of salad—and sliced. Then he added thin layers of raw onions, chopped green pimentos, pepper and salt. He soured the mixture in vinegar to such an extent that I feared I could never eat it; but having left the vinegar on the salad for a few minutes, he poured it all off, and then added a few spoonfuls of oil. This is the best method of making a salad. The vinegar

extracts the essences of the different ingredients and enables them to mix, a process which would be hindered by the oil. The salad was the saving clause of the meal, which otherwise consisted of a tough chicken and one or two messes. The wine of my host's own growing was good as a *vin ordinaire*, being, indeed, of the St. Emilion district. The *blagueur's* chaff enlivened the repast. Being very thirsty, I drained my first glass of wine at a draught.

"In the society I have frequented," quoth Lafarge solemnly, "it is considered better manners to drink little by little. But your action is excusable when you are drinking Château Crabi, so called after my other estate."

Madame Lafarge declined to sit at table, but waited upon us with neatness and alacrity. From the garden in which we sat could be caught a glimpse of the street. Presently appeared a rather ghastly figure in a white smock or blouse covered with blood-stains, whom Lafarge hailed, explaining to me, "That gentleman is the butcher's assistant. He will help me with the boat to-night, for I want to get you a fine carp for luncheon to-morrow. I suppose you do not feel inclined to go with us?"

I assured my landlord that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see him catch some fish. He proceeded to give his instructions to the butcher's boy.

"You will go round to my brother's."

"Oh!" replied the youth.

"You will ask him for the key of his boat, if he does not want to fish to-night."

"Oh!" the youth ejaculated again.

"You will bring the boat down to the lower landing-place and clear it of water."

"Oh!"

"And you will wait there with the nets until this gentleman and I arrive."

"Oh! oh!" cried the boy, and turned away.

"He evidently dislikes the idea of coming out fishing," I remarked. "Could not we manage without him?"

"He! He is only too pleased! I will stand him an *apéritif* to-morrow, and he will be delighted. What makes you think he dislikes coming?"

"Well," I rejoined, "to all you said he only answered, 'Oh?'"

Lafarge laughed aloud and used a strong expression.

"Why, *O* is patois for *Oui*, yes. Did you not know that?"

I felt rather foolish at this explanation. By way of saying something, I asked, "What is the patois for 'No'?"

"Well," replied Lafarge, "that depends on whom you are talking to. If you are in the habit of *tutoyer* anybody, you would say '*Non*'." But if you are not on such familiar terms, you would say '*Nani*.'"

I endeavoured to discover some other peculiarities of the patois of the district, but found it almost impossible, from the fact that the peasants themselves pronounce a word differently every time they use it, sometimes adding a final vowel, sometimes leaving it out, always availing themselves of the Spanish habit of indifferently pronouncing the *b* or the *r*, and of the equally Spanish peculiarity of using all verbs intransitively. "Il l'a épousé à cette femme," they will say for "He has married that woman;" "Je l'ai oublié *au fusil*;" and so forth.

At about nine o'clock we wended our way to the river side, where the butcher boy was waiting with the boat. Lafarge had provided himself with a thick fisherman's pea-jacket and trousers. Afterwards I regretted not having taken a similar precaution, for the throwing of the nets splashes the occupants of the boat. The boat, though rough in appearance, was light enough on the water. It was flat-bottomed, but, unlike our English punts, sharp at both ends, and higher there than in the middle. The net used was of the shape called *épervier*, or hawk—probably on account of the sudden manner in which it descends upon the unwary fish. When spread out, the *épervier* is several metres in circumference, and quite circular. It has a heavy circle of lead weights round the base. There is much

art in throwing it. If it is properly cast, the whole circumference of the net should touch the water simultaneously; a violent splash is thus avoided, and the net, of course, takes in the largest possible surface of water. To achieve this end, the fisherman stands in the bows of the boat, holding the middle fold of the net at the centre, or apex, in his mouth; while the left half of the net is then spread over his left arm and elbow. With his right hand he now seizes the outer portion of the right half, and getting a swing on the lead weights, throws it with all his strength. As I have said, the net, if properly cast, describes a circle on the water, and the leaden weights sinking, envelops the fish in its meshes. A few yards of rope attached to the centre of the net prevent its being lost. The fisherman can feel when the leads have either touched the river bottom or closed together, and pulls up carefully—and a mixture of fish is landed. There is a certain solemnity about the proceedings, for talking above a whisper is forbidden, and a skilful boatman makes no noise with the single oar with which he guides the boat from the stern. Fishing in this manner is only successful before the rising of the moon.

On this occasion great excitement was caused by a tremendous splashing and pulling on the net. Alain Lafarge declared that there must be a twenty-pounder of some species in it. With great caution he proceeded to haul up the monster, meanwhile creating much commotion and striking against the sides of the boat. He had nearly got the fish to the surface when the craft drifted over some shelving rocks. The net was disarranged, and off went our prey! Such a volley of patois as followed this fiasco I never heard. A few small fish, however, had remained in the net. Of these the most appreciated was the *mule*, a kind of grey mullet of the river; a fish called *aloise*, which tasted like salmon; a small barbel or two; a few small eels; a *carlet* or flounder; two or three bream; and some coarser fish. Before we went home we had a bucketful of fish, the largest of

which were two carp weighing some six pounds each.

The Dordogne, which at this point, by the way, divides the Gironde from the Dordogne (departments), is full of fish. In February and March lampreys are quite an object of commerce, the earliest fish fetching ten francs each, or even more. Lampreys are caught by means of baskets, resembling lobster-pots, stretched across the river from iron posts fixed into the rock. The fish are like large fat eels, of a tawny color, and weigh up to six pounds. When caught they are covered with slime, which, if not removed by dipping in scalding water, imparts a muddy flavor to the fish. The peculiarity of the lamprey is that it has absolutely no bones, and can be cut straight across in rolls before serving. There is a smaller species known as the *lamproyon*, which, however, is not so good. On one occasion we had a good *friture* of gudgeon caught on lines baited with boiled oats. Lafarge was so keen a sportsman that he hardly indulged in any of his pranks while we were fishing. Once, indeed, he appealed to us for assistance: he was being dragged into the river, he declared. The oarsman backed water, and we came to his assistance. The net was pulled in without difficulty, and was found to contain one small fish of the sardine species.

The next morning I was awakened at 5.30 by a loud knocking at my shutters. My host had come to take me out shooting. His dogs—a clever Irish setter called Jeannette, and a useless young pointer—were jumping around him, barking with delight: I never could understand why, for while out with their master they received more kicks than halfpence.

Lafarge had always told me that one could find quail close to his house; but it was certainly three-quarters of an hour before we turned off the highroad into some grass-meadows and maize-fields. I had already shot woodcock with Alain, and knew him to be a good sportsman; only his unfailing contradic-tiousness rather spoiled the enjoyment of the chase. If I had the mis-

fortune to say, "See, there is a likely bit for a quail," he would be sure to answer, "Pardon, monsieur, it is too thick"—or too dry, or something. On one occasion we came upon a long ditch full of grass and weeds running through a meadow.

"That," I exclaimed, "is where we shall put up a quail."

"Pardon, monsieur; the quail will be running about feeding in the maize-fields or in the flat. They would not think of putting themselves in a ditch."

At this moment the setter pointed right into the ditch, and presently we had secured a couple of quail. "Tiens, c'est étrange," said Lafarge, in no way perturbed. As a matter of fact, he was well acquainted with the habits of game. A little later on we had had a few days' rain. With my English experience, I expected that the red-legged partridges would be more wild than ever.

"After this rain," said Lafarge, "we shall be able to get much nearer the partridges in the vines. Their legs will be so clogged with clay that they will not like getting up."

We managed to shoot one or two which rose in the vines at a dozen yards, and, sure enough, their legs were trousered with yellow clay. Lafarge made me acquainted also with many facts about woodcock and other migratory birds, especially with the effect of the changes of the moon on their movements. I have since proved his statements to be true, but have no room here to record them.

This last summer was exceptionally dry, and the quail season a bad one. I need not, therefore, dwell long upon this sport. Perhaps the most amusing incidents of the day were Lafarge's remarks, and the way he apostrophized his Irish setter. She understood every word he said. When she was setting at a quail he would say, "A présent si tu remues" (if you budge you move). "Et pas de surprises," he would add. The climax in his anger was always reached when he called his dog "canaille." She would then lie flat on her back and shut her eyes as though wait-

ing for the last trump. She was a wonderfully sagacious animal.

Sometimes Lafarge would drink a little too much at dinner, and then Jeannette would immediately disappear. If she remained near the table she was certain to be called upon to do disagreeable tricks, one of which was to jump on to the table without upsetting anything. This often entailed a lot of cuffs, and Lafarge's shouting was irritating in the extreme. She was the best sporting dog I came across in France.

Noël, the grocer, was a kind and pleasant man. Often he would come in to supper in the garden, and sometimes brought with him his little nephew, whom he had adopted. This youngster, who was about six years old, was as precocious as could be, especially in the expressions he used. On one occasion I had to swim across the river, and when I told him of this he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Eh, bien, mon ami!" as one who would say, "I am glad it was not I." Again, he arrived on the scene while Lafarge was up in a fig-tree plucking the fruit—shouting and gesticulating as usual. Little Noël drew me aside by the sleeve.

"Je crois qu'il est fou, cet individu là. Jamais je n'ai vu ramasser des figues comme cela," he said confidentially.

He was sent to bathe the setter in the river, and the animal pulled him into the water.

"Si je n'avais su nager," he afterwards remarked, "j'étais f—" using a coarse expression meaning he was done for.

There was a little girl of his age in the village who was hardly less precocious. One day Noël was given some new wine to drink, whereupon he became somewhat loquacious and quarrelsome.

"Mon Dieu!" said the little girl, shrugging her shoulders, "c'est le dernier coup qui lui a fait mal."

At this season the tobacco was being taken in. The growing of the plant, like its sale, is regulated by government. The seeds, which are dis-

pensed gratis by the mayors of the different villages, have to be sown before a certain date, and at intervals one from the other indicated by the state. Only the first crop is allowed to be used, although when the first leaves have been gathered many more appear on the plant. These are removed and allowed to rot. It is forbidden to walk through a tobacco-plantation. All these precautions, however, do not make the French tobacco smokable. Perhaps the best for the pipe is that issued to private soldiers in the French army. On joining they are presented with so many coupons which entitle them to purchase certain packets of tobacco at three sous for half a pound, or rather the sixth of a kilo. It is really very fair tobacco, but it cannot be purchased by the public.

Before I left Flaujacques I witnessed the gathering of the grapes, in which and in the manufacture of the wine, I must say, I saw nothing very picturesque or attractive. All the idle youths and women of the place turn out in their oldest clothes, the women wearing shovel-shaped black straw hats; and they are provided with wooden baskets in which they gather the grapes. These baskets are then emptied into the *comportes*, or tubs, through which is run a pole to enable them to be carried by two men. Carts are waiting to receive the contents of the *comportes*, and thus the *vendange* goes on. For days beforehand all conversation turns on this grape-gathering, and discussions arise as to whether the *merlots* (a species of black grape) should be gathered before the *semillon* (a white grape), and on similar points. Nothing very disgusting happens, however, until the grapes are taken to the great vats. In the case of the black grapes, for red wine, when the vat is fairly full, a couple of men are told off to crush them. They remove their boots and socks, and with bare feet (which in one case, to my certain knowledge, had not touched water for four years) they proceeded to *fouler* or squash the fruit. Then the mess was left to ferment. The fermentation is indicated by the bubbling and seething of the

crushed grape and their juice, and at this stage so great is the amount of carbonic acid gas engendered that a lighted candle held two feet above the tub is instantly extinguished. The juice is then drawn off and the grapes conveyed to the *pressoir*, where they are further crushed by means of a screw and levers. The process in the case of white grapes is different. Here the fruit is put through the *pressoir* without going through the treading process, and although the men who work the press are barefooted, the white wine, I think, is the cleaner of the two. People say that all dirt or sediment comes to the surface before the wine is drawn off. Let us hope that it is so. I was compelled, from fear of offending, to sample a glass or two of the new wine. It was indescribably disagreeable and cloying. Still, when I drank the wine from the same grapes which had been a few years in bottle, I found it equal to any Margaux. Many a bottle of Lafarge's white wine have I drunk with him after a long day's shooting, and I do not think an Englishman has ever had better.

It is a curious fact that the village of Flaujacques is almost entirely Protestant. My host was Protestant, although his wife was a Catholic. The mayor and his family were Protestants. There was a Protestant church (temple, as they will call it), which on Sundays was well attended. As Lafarge's house was just opposite, I was able to watch the people as they went there—a dowdy lot. There were few men among them, but a little coloring was given the crowd by the village girls, who wore large sun-bonnets such as one still meets with in remote spots in England. On Sunday, however, these were of a superior quality, of mauve, blue, or pink crépon, embellished with many rows of embroidery and lace. They were very becoming to the wearers, who also covered their coarse hands with long suède gloves as fine as any lady's, and encased their feet in smart shoes. The cheap grey stays purchased at the village *mercerie* seemed hardly stout enough—but no

matter: the village swains in their awkward coats and soft felt hats walked proudly by their side.

And with this pleasant picture in mind I must leave Flaujacques, in the hope that some day I may find my way to the sunny unspoiled village, and be greeted once more by the friendly voice of Alain Lafarge.

From The Sunday Magazine.
IN BASHAN.

About twenty miles east of Jordan, and thirty miles south-east of the Lake, we reached the ruins of Jerash, in a well watered but treeless plain. It is quoted as "the most perfect Roman city left above ground." Yet it is scarcely ever mentioned in history. It was at the height of its glory in the days of Christ, and it proves that Bashan must have been then extremely fruitful and populous. The theatre at its gate—not the only one in Jerash—could seat five thousand people, and twenty-eight tiers of the stone seats are still perfect. Near it is a race-course which could be filled with water for naval contests. The forum in front of the theatre is encircled by an Ionic colonnade, not unlike the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome. In front of it runs a street which might be called "straight." Its pavement is as deeply rutted as at Pompeii. It is a mile long, and has one hundred upright columns and many more prostrate. In all about three hundred columns still stand out white and glaring in the fierce sunshine.¹ The city is a mile square, and its walls are eight feet thick. A gurgling stream rushes through the ruins to join the Biblical Jabok. From Jerash we travelled north for a whole day over the table-land of the Hauran. It resembled the plain of Philistia and the cultivated parts of Manitoba, and was then a green ocean of wheat and barley, soon to be "white unto harvest." For miles and miles we could not see one human habitation. But in harvest

¹ A column-mania took possession of the Roman builders in the first centuries A. D.

the Bedouins return and reap, while their wives and daughters—Ruth-like—glean after them. By noon we were at the tents of Beni-Sakhr, “the sons of the rock.” (Beni is just the “Mac” of our Highlanders.) By the side of their tents lay the great Haj or pilgrim route from Damascus to Mecca.¹ It is one of “the old paths” (Jeremiah vi. 16), for it is the immemorial line of traffic through Bashan. There were, I should think, about two hundred tracks, many of which ran into one another. An Arabic poet compares these parallel tracks to the bars of the rayed Arabic mantle. Mohammed made this pilgrimage a religious duty, and he who performs it is a Hadji, a pious person, and is considered safe for Paradise.

In 1893, no less than fifteen thousand were in the pilgrimage caravan which started from “the gate of God” at Damascus. It should be called “the gate of Death,” some one has said, for thousands of the pilgrims leave their carcases in the wilderness, and they breed cholera, which spreads sometimes over Europe, while the health of others is injured by the shameful debaucheries at Mecca, which is one of the most vicious cities in the world. As in the march through the wilderness, the Mecca pilgrims are guided by night by “a pillar of fire.” An iron cage or grating, in which a fire is kept burning, is carried aloft in front. It lights the way, and offers a rallying point to the struggling host. We found that the wells on the route were stoutly padlocked, for the modern children of Ishmael imitate their forefathers, who sold water to their cousins the Children of Israel in the wilderness. Our day’s journey ended at Ed Deraah, the site of Edrel, the capital and last battlefield of Og, King of Bashan. It is still the largest town in Bashan (Deut. iii. 10). It is exactly such a spot as a military eye would choose for a fortress. It is the only high hill in the plain, and is a watch-

tower for a vast circuit. It has some five thousand inhabitants, and is the seat of the Turkish governor. The buildings are miserable vaults, and all of one model. They are built of basalt stones, which must have belonged to much older edifices, as many of them are elaborately carved. The roofs are of stone, and built, like the Forth Bridge, on the principle of the cantilever or bracket. The houses are thus veritable Stonehenges. But we found none of the stone doors or windows that are common in other parts of the country. Some remnants of cyclopean masonry, however, suggested Bashan’s “three score great cities with walls and brazen doors” (1 Kings iv. 13). But we were most interested in the old Edrei underground. It resembles the underground city at Beit Jibrin. It is hewn out of the soft limestone rock, and is first-rate work. It has rock-hewn streets, houses, shops, stairs, cisterns, pillars, air-holes, a market-place, and plenty of water. It was possibly the labyrinthine residence of Og and his people in times of war. It is believed to be the work of the Amorites and Horims, “the giants” of Scripture (Deut. ii. 20). May there not be a reference to such hiding-places in Deut. vii. 20, and Joshua xxiv. 12, where we are told that hornets were sent among those who hid themselves from their pursuers? The only living things we found in underground Edrel were countless bats hanging from the roofs, like hams in a ham-curer’s store. Underground Edrei was a fit residence for that mysterious king who appeals so powerfully to the imagination of our children. Many travellers have told extravagant stories about the mosquitoes and flies in Palestine, but our night experiences at Ed Deraah taught us to accept their testimonies. An old traveller, about 1000 A.D., wrote that, from the number of the fleas, the people at Tiberias must dance two months in the year. The author of “Eothen” tells us that in the morning he buttoned his coat over the fragments of himself, and pursued his journey.

¹ Haj is from the Hebrew *hag*, a religious pilgrimage, the very word used by Moses when he asked leave from Pharaoh to go into the wilderness.

